

A WORLD THAT CANNOT BE SHAKEN

by

ERNEST FREMONT TITTLE

With an Introduction by

HALFORD E. LUCCOCK



1933

Harper & Brothers Publishers

NEW YORK AND LONDON

A World That Cannot Be Shaken

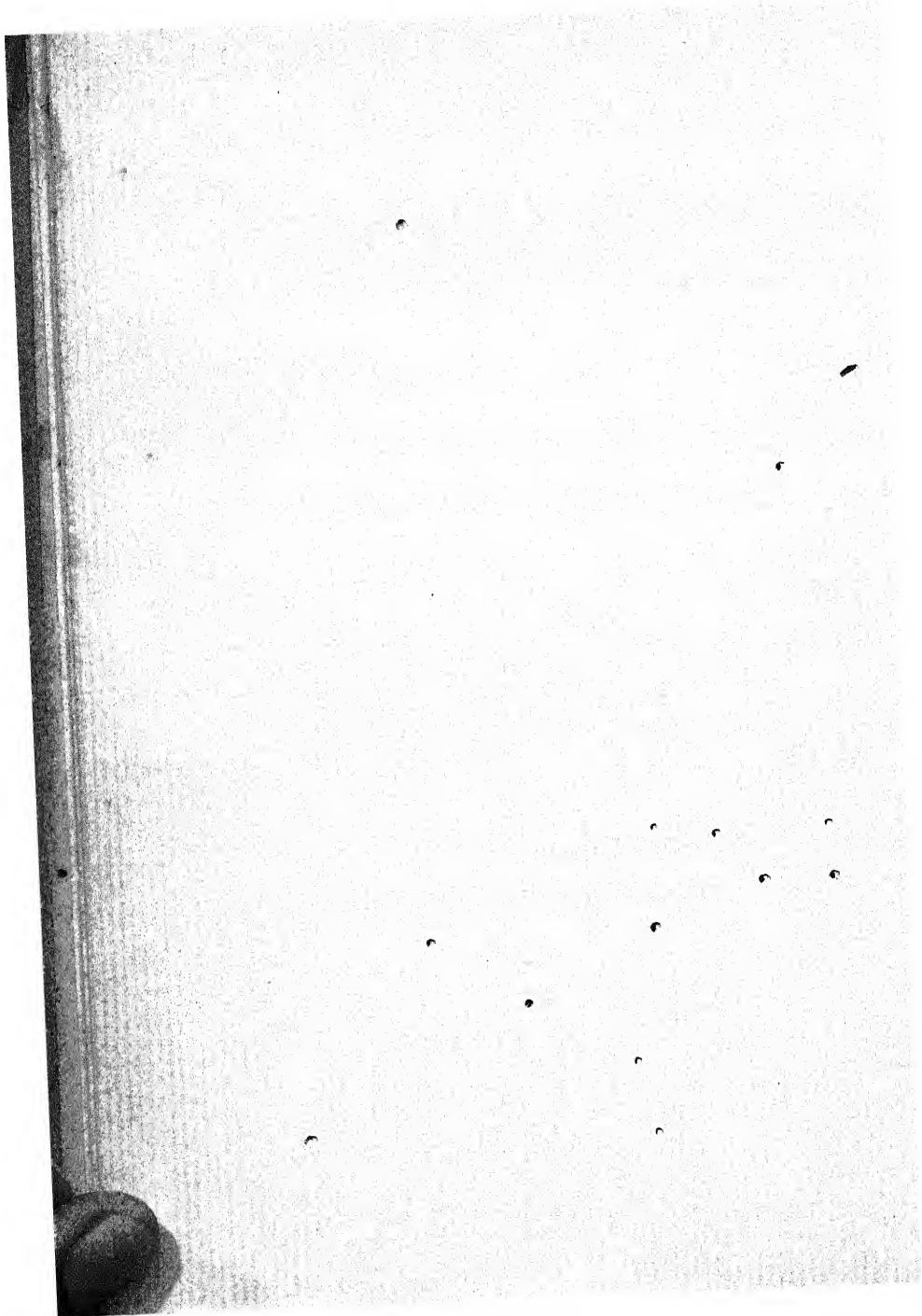
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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
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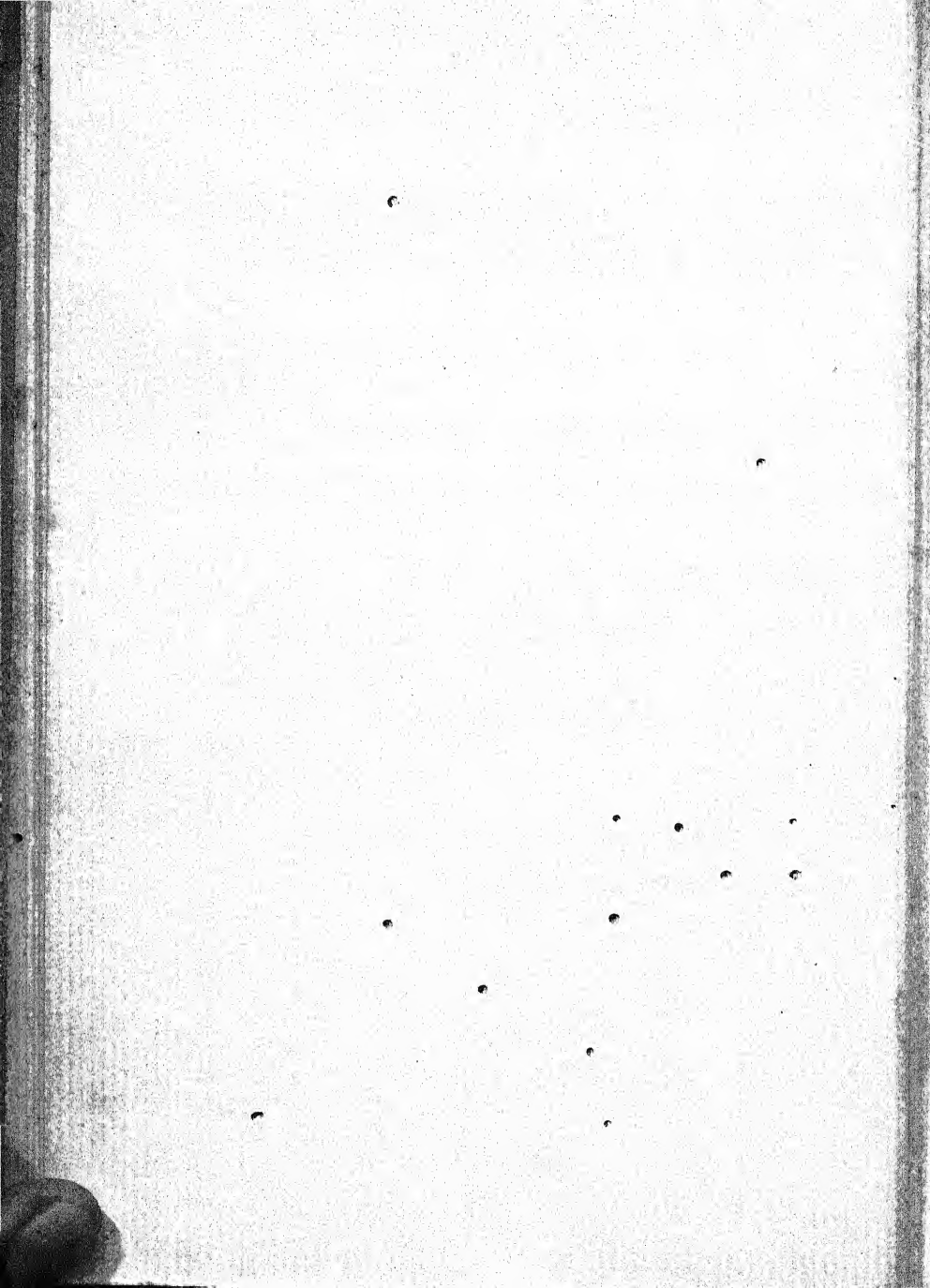
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To My Father



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Introduction

Karl Barth has put into a sentence one of the most penetrating observations which might be made about preaching: "The age which has no great anguish on its heart will have no great music on its lips." He was not writing about preaching; but his words disclose an essential source of great preaching. They may well be recalled in connection with the preaching of Dr. Tittle. Here in the ten sermons in this book is great music. No one can read them without realizing that the music on the lips comes from an anguish on the heart, from a wide and deep understanding of life, from a sharing of the feeling and experience of those on whom the burdens of our day and civilization rest heavily.

The full-toned music of these sermons is largely an orchestration on two notes, "the still, sad music of humanity" and the "still, small voice of God." As Joseph Fort Newton has said of a previous volume of Dr. Tittle's, "it is preaching open at both ends, toward man in his poignant need, and toward God in His abundant supply."

In his fourteen years' ministry in Evanston Dr. Tittle has, in the words of Ecclesiastes, "put the mind of one man into many a life." The widening influence of that ministry, spreading and deepening steadily throughout the country, has been one of the very significant and heartening things in the religious life of the country in the present generation. During those years he has had in his congregation what is unquestionably the largest voluntary audience of students in the country. They have made up, however, only a minor part of the congregation. He is not primarily a "college preacher." He prefers to preach to people as members, not

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of a student body, but of the human race. And therein lies one secret of his enduring grip on students' minds and lives. For in his own words, "the function of preaching is to speak directly and concretely to human need, to tell livable truth to people."

The response with which Dr. Tittle's preaching has been met has been the sure response to honesty, to an undeflected instinct for those major issues of life that matter supremely, a ruggedness of mind, able to grapple with the ugliest facts and most difficult problems, absolute fearlessness, a sensitive sympathy, and a profound faith in God.

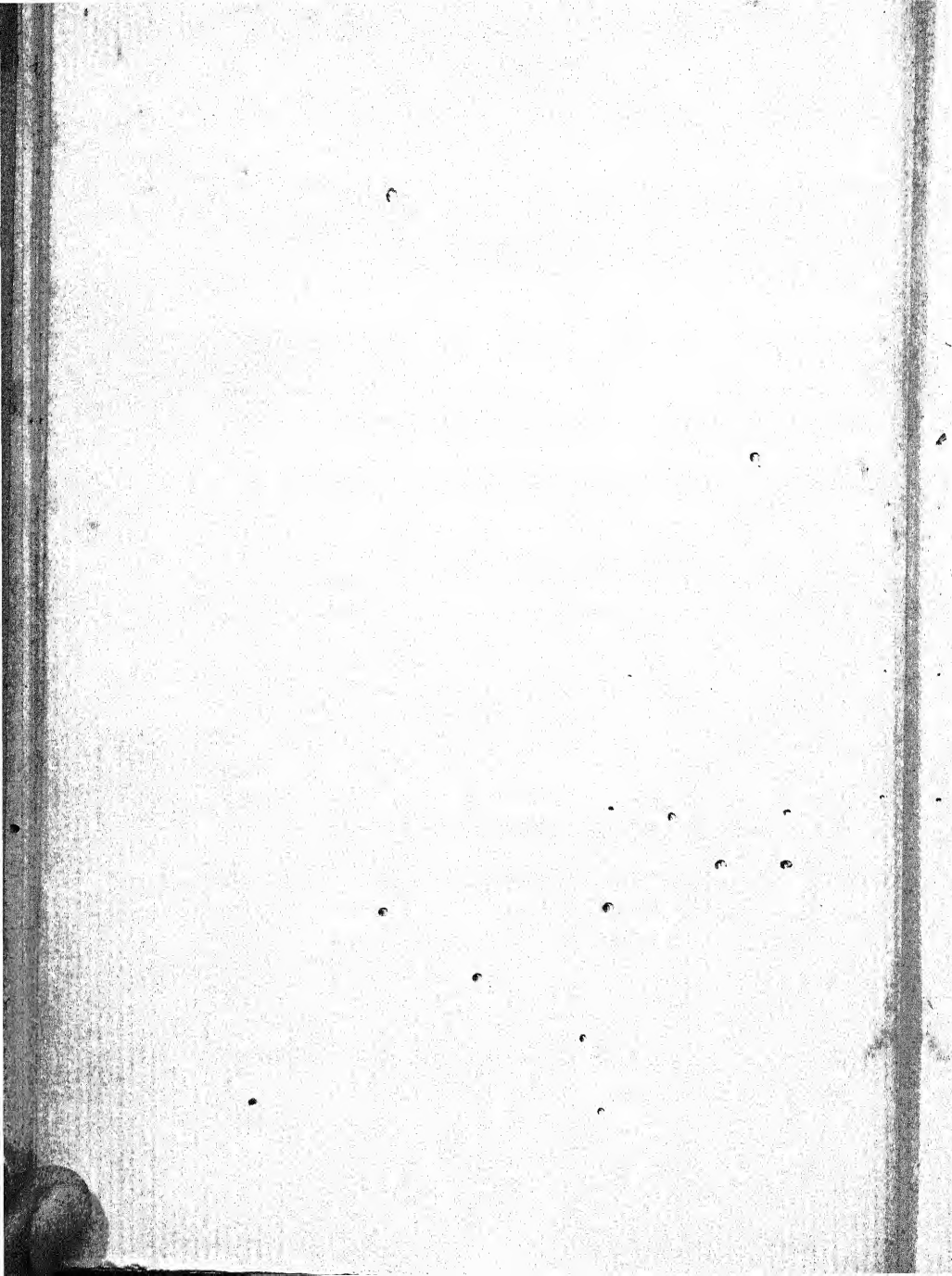
A most revealing interpretation of Dr. Tittle's spirit is to be found in his sermon on Poise, preached in Battell Chapel, Yale University, last November, and included in this volume. It is one great secret of the man; his is a poised spirit. With a rare capacity for flaming indignation there is a balance of tempered judgment; with a realistic knowledge of economic life there goes a keen sensitiveness to beauty; with a sharpened sense of the urgency of the present world crisis, there is an unruffled patience which comes from a reliance on "a cosmic support for human idealism."

In the little village of Selbourne, in England, the visitor may be shown the row of trees which Gilbert White, the author of the *Natural History of Selbourne*, planted around his parsonage to shut out the view of the slaughter-house. That beautiful row of trees may well stand as a symbol of the various screens with which other occupants of parsonages have shut out from their view the disturbing vision of the brutalities and cruelties of civilization! Dr. Tittle has never lived behind barricades of any sort. In this book, as in all his preaching, there is the vision of a clear, unblinking eye looking out at the world, and the intense feeling of a sensitive heart.

HALFORD E. LUCCOCK.

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The LIVING GOD



The Committee have been very gracious in allowing me to choose my own subject. It has, however, been suggested to me that the first word spoken at this convention should be a word concerning God, and in that suggestion I myself heartily concur.

Some of you may recall the fact that Tolstoy once said, "God is He without whom one cannot live." That statement may not appear to tell us very much about God, but it does tell us something about ourselves, the truth of which our present experience is certainly hammering home to us. Concerning ourselves, it does appear to be a fact that we cannot live without God.

We can, to be sure, say there is no God and go on living; but this is because we can go on living as though we had never said it, like the student who handed to his professor a freshman theme-paper which began, "I am an atheist, thank God."

Whether theist or atheist, we may be and often are inconsistent. As theists we do not always live up to our creed: we sometimes allow ourselves to worry as though God were dead. As atheists we do not always live down to our creed: we sometimes allow ourselves to hope as though God were alive. Here, for example, is a left-wing humanist who denies the existence of God and then in the same breath affirms the eventual triumph of man. If he is right in what he has

* Delivered at the Eleventh Quadrennial Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 30, 1931.

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said about God he cannot be right in what he has said about man, for man is obviously and inescapably dependent upon nature which, on any atheistic hypothesis, knows nothing about him, is vastly indifferent to him, and will in the end blindly annihilate him. But our humanist friend is saved by his intellectual inconsistency. He says, "There is no God," and he manages to go on living because he manages to go on living as though he had not said it; but let his eyes become open to the stark implications of what he has said and he will not find it easy to go on living. He will then see, as does Joseph Wood Krutch, that once you have denied the existence of God your logical affirmation concerning man is that his life has "no more significance than that of the humblest insect that crawls from one annihilation to another." He is but an accident and an incident in a cosmic process that intends nothing and means nothing at all. Concerning ourselves, it does appear to be a fact that we cannot live without God.

There is now some reason to believe that we are approaching the end of the jazz age. The reason lies partly in the fact that in the midst of world-wide suffering jazz is beginning to jar. After you have looked into the burning eyes of a man who has been out of work for the past eighteen months, and listened to his pitiful story, you simply cannot endure any radio that is broadcasting jazz. Jazz may go with a material prosperity that blinds men's eyes to their spiritual poverty. It does not, apparently, go with an adversity that opens their eyes to the naked realities of life.

Even more significant is the fact that increasing numbers of human beings are beginning to feel the need of at least some degree of moral and religious certainty. Jazz, by which I mean not only a squawking saxophone but all that a squawking saxophone conjures up—jazz is a symbol of uncertainty. It is the contemporaneous revelation of a serious breakdown of moral standards and of religious faith. But the strain of living without moral standards and re-

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ligious faith becomes after a while unbearable; and when it does, jazz becomes intolerable.

Not long ago the students of one of our famous eastern universities invited a distinguished clergyman to come and address them on "Modern Religious Beliefs." He asked them to state somewhat specifically the questions about which they were most concerned, and the question which received by far the largest number of votes was this: "What is the meaning of life?" Here, I take it, is the most compelling of all reasons for supposing that we are approaching the end of the jazz age: increasing numbers of men and women, sick of moral and religious uncertainty, are beginning to ask, "What is the meaning of life?"

Significant also is a revival of interest in worship. "Yesterday, at long last, the church developed a commendable interest in social questions. Today, it is sidetracking social questions and interesting itself in the technique and practice of worship. Yesterday it plead for industrial justice and international peace. Today it is pleading for Gothic architecture, stained-glass windows, and surpliced choirs." So says the critic, who believes that all this new interest in worship really means is that we have lost our nerve. We have discovered how very costly the pursuit of industrial justice and international peace may be; so we are dodging the danger of "creative strife" and seeking "peace" in the sanctuary.

In support of this diagnosis, the critic may appeal to history which says that once and again the prophet, with his demand for righteousness and his fear of ritual, has been followed by the priest with his emphasis upon ritual and his cautious sidestepping of the demands of justice. Today, however, there is something more to be said. It is doubtless true that here and there some man is developing an eager interest in worship instead of an eager interest in righteousness and justice, having discovered that a beautiful liturgical service may be soothing and that the pursuit of

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personal righteousness and social justice may be expensive. But the occasional clergyman who today is exchanging the dangerous rôle of the prophet for the more comfortable rôle of the priest; the occasional layman whose interest in stained-glass windows may have something to do with his fear of Bolshevism—how uncomprehending the judgment which says that in him is the full meaning of this new interest in worship. How much more comprehending would be the observation that what this new interest in worship chiefly reveals is the inextinguishable hunger of the human heart for God!

For a generation, now, religious liberalism, certainly in this country, has been characterized at once by the presence of ethical conviction and by the absence of religious certainty. It has possessed the prophet's passion for righteousness; it has lacked his sureness of God. For a time it pooh-poohed historic creeds. It saw no use for any creed. It considered itself to be above the theological battle. It said that what mattered was not so much our belief about God as our attitude one toward another. Our conception of God might be ever so vague, our belief in God might be ever so unsure; but, after all, what did it matter so long as we saw clearly the need of industrial justice and international peace?

Today, however, increasing numbers of us are beginning to suspect that it does matter what a man believes about God, what he conceives to be in the nature of things. For, as Professor Horton, of Oberlin, has recently declared, the way which men actually take in this world is always determined by what they conceive to be in the nature of things. At this present moment it matters everything whether we conceive the nature of things to be such that it is possible to secure industrial justice, and international peace. We are by no means above the theological battle. We are right in the thick of it and must fight our way through to some *conception* of God which will fortify us for that "creative

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strife" in which today we must participate or consent to perish.

Tolstoy was right: "God is He without whom we cannot live." But now another question: Is it only true that we are seeking God, or is it also true that God is seeking us? Is God merely some vast impersonal order to which, as best we can, we must conform or suffer; or is it God who is the source and secret, the inspiration and sustaining power of our human quest of a social order that will be good enough to survive and great enough to satisfy the longings of the human spirit? Is it only true that we human creatures, more or less blindly, with many a bitter mistake, are attempting to find some way that leads to life; or is it also and grandly true that God is at work in our world, leading our race out of darkness into light, disciplining us by suffering, creating in us great faiths and sustaining hopes, developing and utilizing our human best in His movement toward some great goal?

Before we attempt to argue this question, I suggest that we look at one historic answer that has been given to it, the answer which appears in the Hebrew-Christian tradition. If I were asked to sum up in a single sentence the teaching of the Old Testament concerning God, I would venture to employ a phrase made famous by Matthew Arnold and say that the God of the Old Testament is a more than human power which in this world is making for righteousness. He dwells, to be sure, in heaven, high above the habitations of men, but He does not dwell there impassively and He does not always stay there. He enters into history. It is He, indeed, who makes history. He demands personal righteousness, and in numbers of human individuals He secures it. He demands social justice and, by and by, in human society He establishes it. In the belief of an Isaiah, a Micah, He demands international peace and a day is coming when He will secure even that. There is nothing impassive about the God of the Old Testament.

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He is "the living God," alert, active, aggressive—a God who purposes, plans, and brings to pass.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth
He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder;
He burneth the chariots in the fire.
Be still, and know that I am God:

I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the earth.

That is the God of the Old Testament.

Notice also Professor Moffatt's translation of an assertion which appears in the seventy-fifth psalm:

God says, "Through all the long delay
I am still ruling in my justice;
when men in any panic melt away,
I still uphold the order of the world."

That is the God of the Old Testament.

And the God of the New Testament, what is He? The God of Jesus who always takes the initiative, who with creative love goes forth to seek and to save that which is lost; the God also of St. Paul who, concerning his great Master, had two history-making convictions. One was that Jesus was the supreme achievement of humanity; the other was that Jesus was the supreme revelation of divinity: not merely a man who in his human quest of the Eternal had climbed higher than any other man before him, had been able to go, but a man in whom the Eternal had come nearer than in any other man. He had been able to come in *His* approach to the human soul. And in a phrase which has marched down the centuries, "like an army with banners conquering and to conquer," St. Paul expressed his own daring faith that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself."

A God who takes the initiative, who purposes, plans and brings to pass—that is the God of the Hebrew-Christian tradition. And before we raise the inevitable question

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whether today we may believe in such a God, let us pause long enough to take note of the fact that He is altogether the most powerful God of whom history knows. It was belief in such a God that produced men who, being nearly three thousand years dead, still speak. Babylon of the beautiful hanging gardens is gone. Assyria of the unconquerable armies has crumpled into dust. Egypt of the mighty Pharaohs is no more. Imperial Rome is but a memory, haunting the mind of Mussolini. But Amos, who lived eight hundred years before Christ, is still saying, "Let justice roll down as waters"; and Isaiah is still contending, "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." And St. Paul is still urging men to behold the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

But the question is inevitable, so let us face it: May you and I believe in a God who enters into history, who makes history, who at this present moment is making for a more just and efficient economic order, a more humane and brotherly social order, and for a world-wide political order in which the instruments and policies of war shall be compelled to give way to policies and institutions of peace?

For myself I may say that I do believe in such a God, and I shall try quite simply and briefly to give some of the reasons for the faith that is in me. I am impressed by the appearance of life in an inorganic world which knew it not. I am impressed by the appearance of personality in a world where conscious intelligence had not been before. I am impressed by the fact that ever since man became man he has not been able to content himself with that which is, but has felt the pull of an ought-to-be. I am impressed by the fact of conscience, which does indeed, and for the most part, reflect the moral judgments of the social group to which the individual belongs, but which here and there and now and then constrains some man to question and even to defy the moral judgments of his group in the name of a higher ethical insight. When some man, at grave risk

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to his own fortune, his own liberty, and even (it may be) to his own life, steps out grandly in advance of his contemporaries and says something that has never been said before, or at least never been stressed before, but which turns out to be true and right, I am, I confess, profoundly impressed. Where *does* the prophet get *his* insight? I am impressed—and who is not?—by the appearance of genius, especially when to a great intellect there is added, as in the case of Abraham Lincoln, a true and beautiful soul. I am impressed by the part which mutual aid has played in the development of life. All that we now know about the evolution of life drives us to the conclusion that even in the case of the lower orders the great secret of survival has been mutual aid, the chief cause of extinction has been failure to coöperate. I am impressed by certain historic trends—the slow, but discernible movement of mankind away from slavery toward freedom, away from cruelty toward kindness, away from reliance upon sheer brute force to reliance upon such spiritual forces as intelligence, goodwill, and friendly coöperation.

And by one other fact am I greatly impressed, the amazing fact that man has never been able to live by bread alone. Why cannot he live by bread alone? With a roof over his head, a coat on his back, and food in his stomach, why cannot he be content? Why must he also have art, poetry, music, science, faith, hope, love, worship? Why must he engage in an endless quest of the ideal?

For reasons such as these I, for my part, find it possible to believe in a God who takes the initiative, who purposes, plans, and brings to pass. For life and personality and the persistent pull of the ideal; for prophetic insight and the appearance of genius; for the part played by mutual aid in the evolution of life; for certain encouraging historic trends; and for man's inability to live by bread alone I find it easier to account on the assumption of a divine initiative than I do on any other assumption. And I

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find that the belief which is forced upon my own mind by what must certainly be regarded as this world's most significant facts is forced also upon the minds of others, including some of the admittedly greatest minds in the world today.

Here then is a credible belief, a reasonable faith. And notice some of its implications. It means that the quest of the ages is a "double quest" concerning which it is no more true to say that we are seeking God than it is to say that God is seeking us. It means that prayer is not only our attempt to commune with the Eternal but the attempt of the Eternal to commune with us. It means that great art, great poetry, great music are not only our human attempt to express the inexpressible, but God's attempt to get the inexpressible expressed in our world. It means that a man like Jesus is not only humanity lifting up its best on a cross but divinity engaged in "creative strife." It means that when we turn away from God, as our generation has done, and waste our substance in riotous living and suffer the loss of all things, including our sense of self-sufficiency, and begin to be in want, not only of bread, but of faith, hope, and love—it means that one whom Francis Thompson called the "Hound of Heaven" has faithfully followed after us, and finally overtaken us, and forced us to recognize the bitter truth: "All things betray thee, who betrayest Me." It means that in everything that leads at last to our redemption the initiative has been taken by God.

And it means also this: At work today in our human world there is a more than human power, a power that is working in us, in so far as we allow it to do so, for ends which the vast majority of our contemporaries are apparently unable to see—working with a will that never flags and with resources which are more than a match for all that is opposed to them.

A generation ago Gladstone said to his contemporaries, "The task of statesmanship is to discover where God Al-

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mighty is going during the next fifty years." Well, living statesmen need be in no doubt where God Almighty is going today. When the governor of the Bank of England writes to the governor of the Bank of France that "unless drastic measures are taken to save it the capitalistic system throughout the civilized world will be wrecked within a year," something has been said which is surely significant. Something has been said which indicates the direction in which God Almighty is moving in our time. It is now evident that an era of selfish profit-seeking has reached its inevitable end in a world-wide catastrophe. The nature of things appears to be such that selfishness cannot permanently succeed in this world. We have arrived at a point where the brains of mankind must be loyally used for the good of mankind, not in selfish profit-seeking but in great coöperative adventures in which the individual will have abundant opportunity for self-initiative and self-development, but less and less opportunity to enrich itself at the expense of his fellows. Our bankers, our financiers, our industrial leaders need have no doubt where God Almighty is going during the next fifty years. He is moving in the direction of an economic order that shall be more just, more unselfish, and therefore more efficient than our present order has been.

When the United States Chamber of Commerce declares that Asiatics should be admitted to this country on the same quota-basis which regulates immigration from European countries, something has been said which is profoundly significant. It is now clear that we of the white race are in no position to say to any of our darker-skinned brothers, "We have no need of you." To intelligent minds it is now quite clear that in the most profound sense there is no longer any East or West or North or South: there is simply human life, struggling to maintain and advance itself on this one little planet among all the myriad stars, and making the very significant discovery that it cannot

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do so unless there is intelligent and friendly coöperation on the part of all the nations and races of mankind. Our statesmen, our educators, and we ourselves need be in no doubt as to the direction in which God is moving. He is overpassing, one after another, those cruel barriers which have so tragically separated the sons of men, and moving in the direction of a world-wide brotherhood.

Long ago it was said that no man liveth unto himself alone. Today it is becoming clear that no nation lives or can live unto itself alone. France has no oil. Italy has no iron, no coal. England must import two-thirds of her foodstuffs. And we of the United States? Every time we turn on an electric light, or take down a telephone receiver, or drink a cup of coffee, or put on a silk stocking, or ride on a steel rail, or re-tire an automobile, we are indebted to other countries. Which is only the beginning of the story of our interrelatedness. Like every other industrial nation, we are producing more than we are able to consume. We must have foreign markets for our surplus products. We must have foreign customers who are financially able to buy what we have to sell. Furthermore, at this present moment, we have invested in other countries no less than twenty billions of dollars, every dollar of which forms an "entangling alliance" between this country and the country in which it is invested. The notion that any nation today, even the United States, is abundantly able to live unto itself alone, is perfectly absurd. Old King Canute, sitting on the beach and commanding the tide to stand still, presented a figure no more ludicrous than is presented today by any American politician who goes on telling his constituents that the United States may and should keep out of European and Asiatic affairs. Yesterday we granted a moratorium to Germany, not only in order to save Germany, but in order also to save ourselves. Today we are finding it necessary to coöperate with a despised and rejected League of Nations in order

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to curb in the Far East a situation which, if allowed to develop, would almost certainly push the entire world into an abyss.

It is becoming ever more clear that the world today is one. National boundaries no longer bind, excepting only the tormented minds of belated nationalists; they have been overpassed by the Great Machine. Which means, of course, that such old-time national techniques as military wars and tariff wars have been rendered obsolete. Today you benefit yourself not in the least by killing or impoverishing your foreign customers. There need be no doubt in anyone's mind where God Almighty is going during the next fifty years. He is moving in the direction of a world-wide political order in which nation shall not lift up sword—or tariff—against nation; neither shall they prepare for war any more.

In his brave, immortal "house-divided-against-itself" speech, Abraham Lincoln said concerning the antislavery movement, "Wise counsels may accelerate it, or mistakes" delay it, but sooner or later the victory is sure to come. I believe that what Lincoln said concerning the antislavery movement of his day may with equal justification be said concerning the antislavery movement of our day, the attempt to liberate a world from the fetters of injustice, of hopeless poverty and unemployment, of greedy imperialism and brutal militarism: Wise counsels may accelerate it, or mistakes delay it, but sooner or later victory is sure to come.

From such reflections as these I draw two conclusions. One is that our present situation, dark and difficult though it may be, is by no means hopeless. I may, I trust, without seeming irreverence, express my own sustaining hope by saying that God Almighty is "on the job." There are, to be sure, forces of reaction with which even He must reckon. Historic fears and hates and prejudices; the awful stupidity and brutality of the military mind; a nationalism

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which calls itself patriotism and places Cæsar above God; lust which sows to the flesh and reaps not only corruption but cynicism; greed which stops at nothing in the pursuit of selfish aims—all these stand in the way of the world of our dreams. But opposed to them is a more than human power!

The other conclusion which I feel bound to draw is this: I ought to be where God is. I possess at least some measure of freedom. I may, therefore, if I choose, select for myself a selfish career. Even at a time like this, when the fate of civilization appears to be hanging in the balance, I may plan for myself a selfish career. I may be found with those who, blinded by prejudice, refuse, even in the face of facts, to see that "God has made of one blood all the nations of men to dwell together upon the face of the earth." And I may, if I choose, lift up my voice with those who, even in an hour when millions of human beings have not enough to eat, are demanding that the navy shall not be "starved"! But I know full well where I ought to be. I ought to be out on some frontier where God is working for a more just and efficient economic order, a more humane and brotherly social order, and for a world-wide political order in which the instruments and policies of war shall be made to give way to policies and institutions of peace.

God is in Christ rebuilding our world—the God who once took a stark wooden cross on which the greatest and purest of all His servants had been made to die and converted it into a symbol of triumph. Let us, therefore, under no circumstances, give way to discouragement. Rather let us chant as did our fathers, in days no less dark and difficult than these:

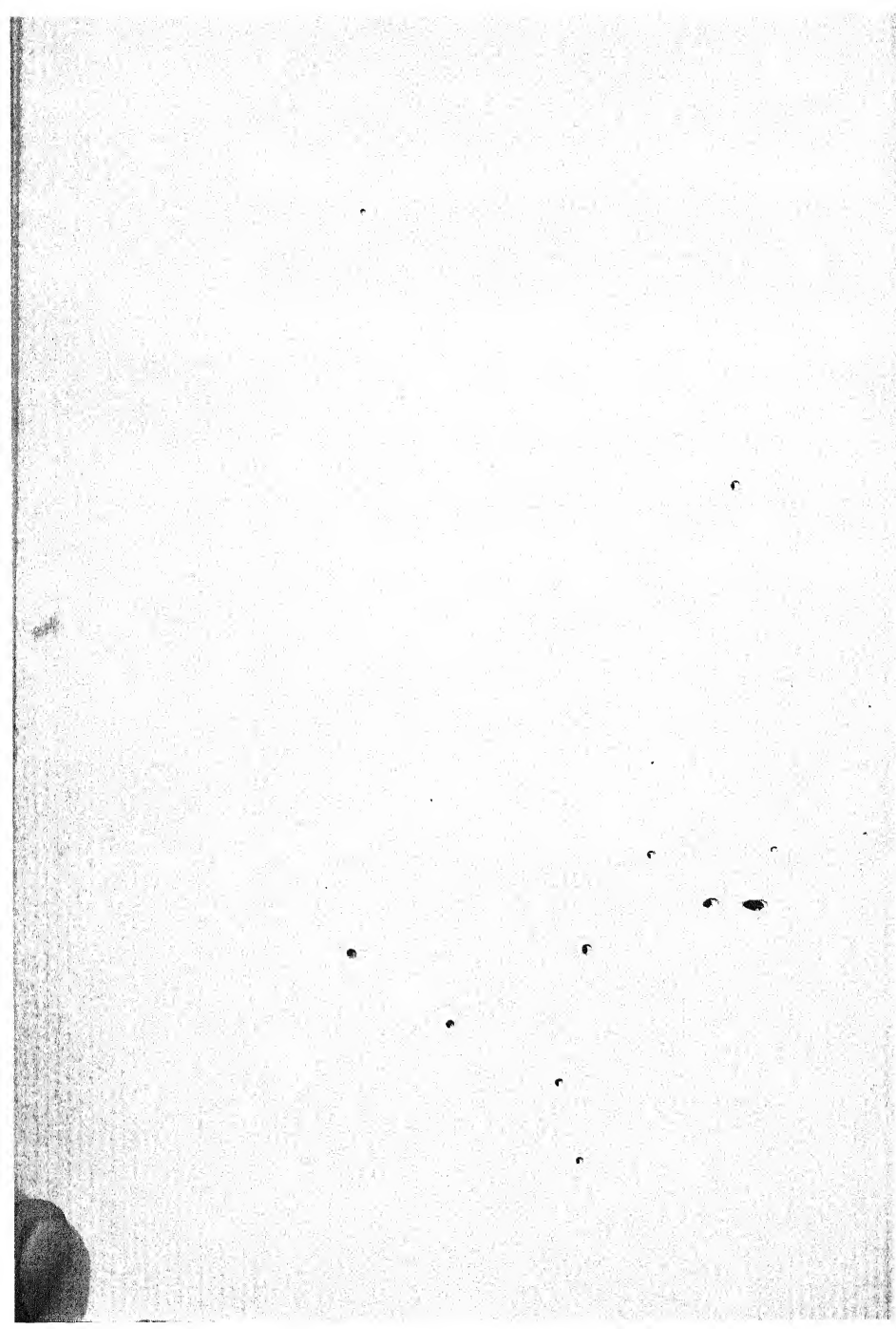
A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing:
Our helper He, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.

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Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also.
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

And let us be found moving in the direction in which God
Almighty is so plainly going in our time.

The CHURCH of the LIVING GOD



II

We have, I think, gone beyond the day when a professor in one of our leading universities could jauntily write, "There is absolutely no reason to doubt that man is capable of going on happily and sanely without any sense of dependence upon God and without any apprehension of cosmic support." That was the day of Coolidge prosperity, the two-car garage, the Insull empire, the flourishing night club, the best seller productions of Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald, and the confident humanism of Dr. Dietrich and Professor Barnes; and that day has vanished. It has, indeed, so completely vanished that some of us are beginning to doubt that it was ever here. Today there are many people who feel far from certain that there is a God, but not many (if any) who feel able to go on happily and sanely without any apprehension of cosmic support.

When Tennyson's *In Memoriam* was first published, Professor Sidgwick declared that it impressed upon him as it did upon others the ineradicable conviction that human beings will not and, indeed, cannot acquiesce in a godless world.

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

.

* I Timothy 3:15.

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Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Such has been the faith of many generations of the sons of men. It has always been possible to believe in a godless world—a lifeless, mechanistic universe unaware of its tiny human inhabitants, deaf to their prayers, blind to their needs. It has always been possible to believe that men themselves are but flotsam and jetsam in a meaningless stream of life which has come nobody knows whence and is flowing nobody knows whither. But hitherto humanity has rejected this atheistic hypothesis, and there is reason to believe that it will continue to do so.

There is no known fact which stands in the way of religious faith, and if the existence of God is obviously incapable of scientific proof, equally so is His nonexistence. When it comes to the question, Is there a God? theist and atheist are in the same boat, a boat which must be steered by faith. "I believe in God, the Father almighty"—that is a declaration of faith. "I believe that the universe is just a vast collection of material particles in meaningless agitation"—that, too, is a declaration of faith. Neither theism nor atheism is scientifically demonstrable. Both are assertions of faith, and both are dictated not so much by argument as by life. They are the natural, if not inevitable, outcomes of men's major interests. Einstein is reported to have said that today the only religious people left in the world are scientists. Such a statement, however exaggerated it may be, is significant. It is men who supremely care for such spiritual values as truth who find possible and congenial a spiritual interpretation of life. They achieve within themselves a kind and degree of spiritual exaltation which enables them to believe that spiritual values are at once the greatest of all values and the surest of all clues as to the nature of the universe. It is not surprising that so many

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people belonging to our generation have lost their religious faith, seeing that ours has been a generation that has given itself almost madly to the pursuit of material things, a pursuit which inevitably produces a materialistic conception of life. Caring supremely for wealth, for pleasure, or for power, men fail to develop in themselves sufficient spiritual insight to recognize the vast significance of the spiritual experience of the race. Theism and atheism both are assertions which spring far less from intellectual processes than from those deeper and more controlling life processes which either open or close men's eyes to spiritual realities.

Today increasing numbers of people are waking up to the fact that they may believe in God. They are also waking up to the fact that they need to do so, for theism makes for hope, whereas atheism makes for despair. So long as we were materially prosperous, we did not feel the awful hopelessness of a materialistic philosophy. Our physical comfort was a kind of anæsthetic which kept us unaware of our spiritual desolation. But the lack of spiritual insight which prevented us from discovering God likewise prevented us from seeing on what prosperity must be built if it is to be real and enduring; and now that a prosperity that was built upon sand has fallen "with a mighty crash" we are beginning to feel how truly terrible are the utter negations of a materialistic philosophy: no God, only matter above us and beneath us, no one to hear us when we pray, no one to help us when we fall, and we ourselves but matter in curious, senseless agitation, our lives without meaning, our sufferings without significance, our labor at last in vain!

Religion, let it be explicitly noted, has brought to man a conception of his own worth which he cannot afford to lose.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

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What is man, that thou art mindful of him?
And the son of man, that thou visitest him?

Twenty-five hundred years ago the answer of religion was,

Thou hast made him but little lower than God,
And crownest him with glory and honour.

And that is religion's answer today, notwithstanding the fact that modern telescopes have discovered the existence of hundreds of millions of stars. In the presence of the unimaginable vastness of the stellar universe, religion still maintains its ancient faith that man is a spiritual being with a spiritual background and a spiritual destiny and, therefore, that he is greater and more significant than all those shining worlds which do not know that they shine. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" That is religion's conception of the worth of a human life.

Consider, by way of contrast, the conception of man that emerges from a materialistic philosophy. What is man? Here are four answers given by four modern materialists. "Man," says one, "is an ape who chatters to himself of kinship with archangels while filthily he digs for ground-nuts." Says another, "Man is a sick fly taking a dizzy ride on a gigantic flywheel." Says a third, "Man's life has no more meaning than that of the humblest insect which crawls from one annihilation to another." And a fourth declares that men are but "tiny lumps of impure carbon and water, of complicated structure, with somewhat unusual physical and chemical properties, (who) crawl about for a few years until they are dissolved again into the elements of which they are compounded."

Well, some one may say, what of it? You have in the one case an answer which is, of course, quite acceptable to human pride, and you have in the other case an answer which may be promotive of a not undesirable human hu-

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mility. But, as a matter of fact, a materialistic philosophy does not tend to make men humble; it tends in some cases to make them proud. Have they not exhibited an extraordinary degree of courage in announcing the discovery that they are but filthy apes, sick flies, insignificant insects, tiny lumps of impure carbon and water? In other cases it tends to make them first stoical, then cynical, and at last despairful; whereas religion, certainly in its great forms, tends to make men not proud but humble, inasmuch as they recognize the awful gap between their potentialities and their achievements. At the same time, however, it tends to make them hopeful of becoming something greater than now they are.

It is religion that has lifted man's face from the clod, not in pride but in reverence and in aspiration. It is religion that has led man out of the jungle, filled him with a divine discontent, enabled him to dream dreams and see visions, encouraged him to undertake the impossible, and so to discipline and develop his powers. It is religion which, by believing in man, has helped him to believe in himself; and which, seeing something divine in him, has confronted him with the magnificent challenge, "You must be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect."

Moreover, it was religion's conception of human worth that inspired the first great cry for justice ever heard in this world. Man, says religion, is a marvelous mixture of "dust and divinity." His body, to be sure, is dust, but his spirit bears the imprint of the divine. Like God he can love, sacrifice, and create; he can bring into existence that which had no existence until his mind conceived it and his hand executed it—a Chartres cathedral, a *Ninth Symphony*, a *Paradise Lost*, the shining wings of an airplane; he can see beyond what is something which is not yet but ought to be; he can dream of a new heaven, a new earth, and valiantly labor to achieve it. His spirit does indeed bear the imprint of divinity. Therefore, says religion, woe unto

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anyone who treats him with contempt, woe unto anyone who grinds his face in the dust, woe unto anyone who puts weights on his feet or clips the wings of his spirit! In every age, religion has produced prophets who cried out against injustice, against exploitation and oppression, and who plead for a social order which would insure to all men the indispensable conditions of spiritual growth and achievement.

Consider, too, the source of the prophet's courage. He has no weapons save truth and right. He faces unarmed a world armed to the teeth—a world which may, if it choose, take away his liberty and even his life. He utters his protest, knowing that many will be offended by it—all, indeed, who are seeking personal gain at public cost. He makes his plea, knowing that only a few will hear and heed it. And his goal unreached, his dream unrealized, he dies defeated, but undaunted! Whence the courage that upholds him? Whence the confidence that never forsakes him? Whence his assurance that the torch which he has carried will not be allowed to go out when his own hands, grown tired and feeble, are compelled to let it fall, but that other hands will lift it up and keep it burning until at last its enduring flame becomes a light in which millions shall see what he first saw? The answer, indubitably, is religion—the conviction that a power far greater than his own is making for righteousness, a power which neither fatigue nor death can stay and which, soon or late, is destined to prevail.

Beyond dispute is the value of religion, for religion makes for hope, for a high conception of human worth, for an inspiring vision of human destiny, for a persistent demand for justice, and for a courage born of faith that the torch of idealism, lighted at the high altar of the Eternal, will never be allowed to go out.

Consider, then, the value of the church. Unideal though it is, as are all other human institutions, the church stands

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for the religious conception of life. You can hardly think the word "church" without thinking also the word "religion." You can hardly pass a church building without being at least momentarily reminded of religious faiths and aspirations. You cannot attend a service of worship in any church of any denomination in any part of the world without encountering the fact of religion. There is no other institution of which the same may be said. You can think the words "stock exchange" without also thinking the word "religion." You can pass a college campus without being even momentarily reminded of the religious history of the race. You can, alas, enter many a home without encountering the fact of religion. The church is the only institution on earth which continually and unequivocally stands for the religious conception of life. And who with any words at his command could hope to say all that it means to human society to have in its midst an institution which does continually and unequivocally stand for the religious conception of life?

Today the very existence of the church is of incalculable value. In this world not much lasts on. Gone are the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. Gone are kingdoms, empires, dynasties that once filled with pride, or dread, the hearts of men. Gone are many institutions which men once thought were immortal. But the church is still here. It survived the furious persecutions of the first three centuries. It survived the destruction of Rome. It survived the long night which descended when Western civilization suffered an eclipse which lasted eight hundred years. It survived the collapse of a geocentric astronomy, when the discovery was made that the earth, long thought to be the center of the universe, was but one of the satellites of a third-rate star. It survived the findings of Biblical criticism, and, one may now add with a smile, the theory also of evolution. What social catastrophes, what intellectual tempests, what apparent repudiations and

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actual crucifixions has not the church survived? In a world where not much lasts on the church still lives, and the very fact of its presence, after nineteen stormful centuries, is of incalculable value, witnessing as it does to the amazing vitality of religion.

It has fallen to our lot to live in a time of terrific upheaval. A world war, more deadly by far than humanity had hitherto known, followed by a decade of reckless living, followed by an unprecedented financial disaster which once and again has appeared to threaten nothing less than the dissolution of civilization—all this has left us with the awful feeling that perhaps we *may* be but "sick flies taking a dizzy ride on a gigantic flywheel." What, then, if today there were in the world no institution witnessing by the very fact of its long-continued existence to a great and upholding religious faith which is, apparently, too vital and too valid to die?

It has fallen to our lot to live in a time of intellectual and moral confusion. When, long ago, Jesus declared that he had come to bear witness to the truth, Pilate asked, "What is truth?" It has commonly been thought that on his lips that question appeared in jest, but it is not in jest that it appears upon ours. Nor is it in jest that our generation is asking, What is right? We have been asked to experiment with trial marriage, with companionate marriage, and even with an unashamed promiscuity. We have been told that love between men and women is not light nor beauty nor peace nor anything else which a senseless romanticism has tried to name it, that it is, in reality, nothing more than a biological urge; and why, therefore, should we take it with such prodigious seriousness? We have been told that we ought to claim for ourselves the right of self-expression and to exercise it without any regard to the dictates of moral codes and social conventions.

In this period of uncertainty and confusion through which humanity is passing, what if there were no institu-

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tion old enough to voice not merely the opinions of an age but something that might justifiably be called the wisdom of the ages, inasmuch as it is a crystallization of four thousand years of human experience, a number of things of great importance which in its long travail and pain the race has found out about life: as, for example, that "the wages of sin is death," that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," that "he that soweth unto his own flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, but he that soweth unto the Spirit shall of the spirit reap eternal life," that "blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy; blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God; blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons of God"; that "the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal," that much on this swiftly revolving planet soon passes away, but "now abideth faith, hope, love, these three, and the greatest of these is love"?

At a time when multitudes of men, disregarding old trails, are wandering in a wilderness of confusion, trying to find the way of life but in very real danger of missing it; at a time when a materialistic philosophy, unregardful of spiritual values and their significance, is telling men that they are but chemical compounds, and a half-baked psychology is urging them by all means to express themselves regardless of what they have to express, even though it be nothing more than the lusty hankerings of the barnyard—at a time such as this, what if there were no institution which had a high conception of human worth, an inspiring vision of human destiny, and which, alive to what the centuries say, not merely the days and the hours, was able to point out the way of life everlasting?

We belong to a generation that has sown the wind and is now reaping the whirlwind. You cannot indulge in a four years' orgy of destruction without paying the bill. You cannot with every agency of propaganda at your command stir up violent mass emotions—hate and fear and suspicion

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—and then, when the war is over, expect them immediately to subside. You cannot, apparently, place machine guns in the hands of soldiers without also placing them in the hands of gangsters. You cannot for private gain corrupt public office and escape racketeering. You cannot indulge in an orgy of stock gambling without a disastrous loss not only of money but of moral stamina. You cannot maintain a degree of production that is essential to prosperity if you tolerate a degree of poverty which necessitates underconsumption. You cannot forever mete out injustice without inviting revolution. We have sown the wind, and now that we are reaping the whirlwind what if there were no institution pleading at once for justice and for peaceful methods of securing it?

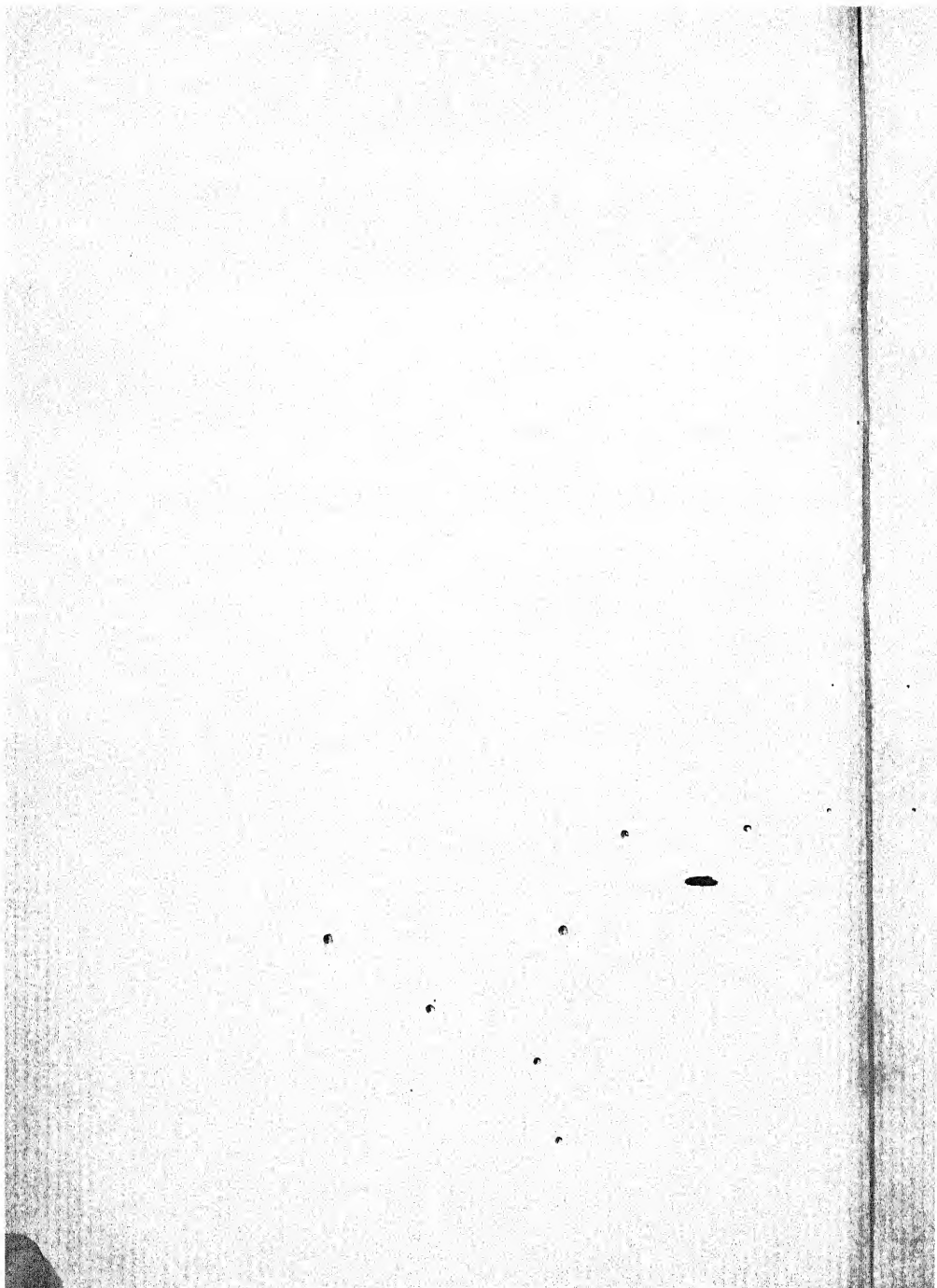
As we have already noted, the church, being the articulate voice of religion, must, if it be worthy to be called a church, utter a persistent cry for justice; for religion, with its unconquerable belief in the sacredness of man, can never consent to his exploitation. And now let note be taken of the further fact that the Christian church, if it be true to its Founder, must decry the use of violence and insist upon peaceful methods of securing justice for all the sons of men. Not always or often do we human creatures appear to know on what our welfare depends; but if only we did know, how constant and eager would be our support of the one institution which, by its very nature, is compelled to cry out for a justice without which there can be no peace and to insist upon those peaceful methods of securing social change without which there can be no real and enduring justice.

The church, moreover, is an international institution. It sends its representatives to the ends of the earth. It unfurls its banner to every breeze that blows. Here, however, the point I am most concerned to make and which, I cannot but think, most needs to be made is just the fact that the church, being a *religious* institution, *must* have an inter-

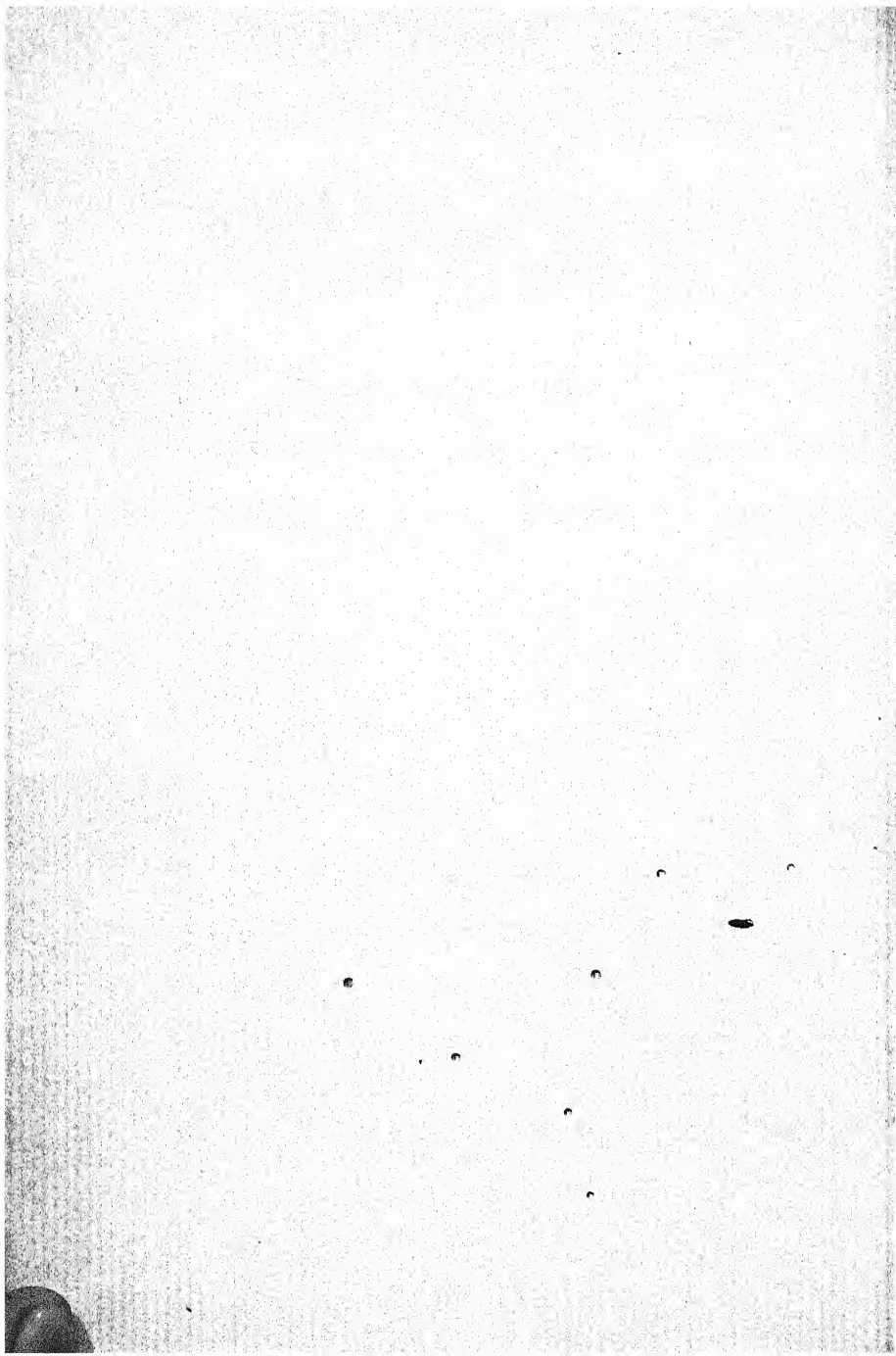
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national outlook and concern. Not only does it believe in God; it believes that there is but one God, who has made of one blood all the races of men to dwell together upon the face of the earth. It must, therefore, in its vision and concern, overpass all those national boundaries which have at best merely a political justification, serving, as they may, the ends of government. Certainly it must overpass those national and racial barriers which have no justification, representing, as they do, not the will of God but only the accumulated hates and fears of men. In order to be a religious institution, the church must take account of the great totality of mankind. And that, of course, is another reason why men should support it, why today they would whole-heartedly support it if only they knew on what their welfare depends; for a day has arrived when no nation can live unto itself alone, when depression in Europe means depression in America, and war in any part of the world threatens peace and prosperity in every other part of the world. The time has come when, with no less of love or devotion to their own nation, men must take account of the rights and needs of other nations. If they fail to do so, human civilization yet once again may suffer a long eclipse.

Beyond dispute is the value of religion, and of value, therefore, is the church, the one institution on earth which continually and unequivocally stands for the religious interpretation of life. Is it not, indeed, of such value that men cannot afford to leave it unsupported? They need it as they need bread. They need it as they need faith and hope and love. They need it as they need to save their children from rot and ruin. They need it, as they need to make of life not, as for millions it now is, a burden grievous to be borne, but an ever more glorious adventure.



BREAD *and* GOD



III

It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

—Matt. 4:4

"What have I been doing that I should be punished so terribly?" So asks "the world" in one of Mr. John T. McCutcheon's recent cartoons. And the answer given by a detached Martian observer is, "He's been wasting his money in fighting, he couldn't stand prosperity, he's been living beyond his means"—an answer which is surely deserving of thoughtful consideration. Other answers have been given which likewise merit attention. But does any one of them go so deep, explain so much, as would the simple observation that the world today is suffering because it has been trying to live by bread alone?

In the meaning of this observation "bread," of course, is something more than an article of food. It is any physical necessity or convenience or luxury; it is a symbol of material goods. That much is sufficiently clear, but not altogether illuminating. Tell us that we have been trying to live by material goods alone and we shall not take you very seriously. In view of our interest in literature and music and art and our occasional interest even in philanthropy, public service, education, and religion, you will hardly convince us, much less convict us. If, therefore, in explanation of our present situation it is suggested that we have been trying to live by bread alone, care should be taken to point

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out some of the further connotations of "bread," which is a symbol, not only of material goods, but of materialistic satisfactions.

What are materialistic satisfactions? Physical satisfactions obviously: the sort of satisfaction that is derived from eating and from drinking and from wearing good clothes. But the satisfaction derived from the wearing of good clothes is not merely a physical satisfaction; it is also an æsthetic satisfaction and it may be a social satisfaction. Appearing in public in a modish gown, you may experience not only physical comfort but æsthetic pleasure and social approbation mixed, it may be, with a small dose of envy. Materialistic satisfactions are any and all satisfactions which are made possible by the possession of material goods, and of them also "bread" is a symbol. It is a symbol of every sort of physical or æsthetic or social satisfaction which issues from the possession of material goods. When it is said that we have been trying to live by bread alone, what is meant is not only that we have preferred material goods to all other goods, but also and especially that we have preferred materialistic satisfactions to all other satisfactions, and that observation certainly contains a large measure of profound and searching truth.

Consider, for instance, the money we have spent to provide physical satisfactions. We Americans have been charged with overeating and by and large the charge is probably true, notwithstanding the number of our heroic dieters. The amount of food we manage to consume does seem to be somewhat large alongside the amount that appears able to sustain the body and advance the soul of a Mahatma Gandhi. We could probably eat considerably less than we do without any loss of physical stamina, and with considerable gain in intellectual alertness and spiritual fitness. It can hardly be said that many of us have been living to eat, but it must be admitted that many of us have eaten not merely to live and labor but to tickle our

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palates—an admission which might not greatly condemn us if only we were living in a world where everybody had enough to eat. But we are and have been living in a world where millions of people do not have enough to eat. In our case the petition, Give us this day our daily bread, has been but a perfunctory prayer: what else could it be in view of the table that was set before us? In the case of millions of our fellows it has been a pitiful, passionate appeal for the barest necessities of life. We have tickled our palates in a world where millions of our fellows were living on the dizzy edge of starvation.

In so doing we have not solved our economic problem. It has been argued that money which the few spend for luxury gives money to the many to spend for necessities. But the fallacy of that argument ought to be sufficiently clear at a time when millions of people are going hungry in a world where there is plenty to eat. The power possessed by the few to buy luxuries does not give to the many sufficient power to buy necessities, and in the long run it is the purchasing power of the many, not the purchasing power of the few, that makes either for universal prosperity or for universal depression.

Consider, also, the money we have spent to provide purely æsthetic satisfactions. I, for my part, have no quarrel with æsthetics. Appreciation of the beautiful in nature and in art is one of the distinguishing marks of a true and desirable culture. Indeed, it is one of the roads that lead at last to the glorious vision of God. In some way, therefore, I feel obliged to qualify this present reference to æsthetic satisfactions and I am trying to do so with the word "purely." By a purely æsthetic satisfaction I desire to mean an emotion of satisfaction derived from the contemplation of beauty, but of a beauty which is not, like a sunset or a starlit night, a public benefaction, inasmuch as it is privately owned and to some extent excluded from the public view: a beauty, therefore, in the contemplation of which

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the beholder can obtain but a *purely* æsthetic satisfaction, not that richer, more inclusive satisfaction which would be his were he sharing the vision with others of his kind.

Suppose the Sistine Madonna were privately owned and hung in a private gallery to which the public was not admitted. That, you may say, is not supposable. But something like unto it is supposable, and not only supposable but actual, namely, Chicago's Lake Shore Drive and Halsted Street—the beauty of the one, the ugliness of the other. Vast accumulations of wealth making possible magnificent residences filled with beautiful works of art, making possible great estates, enclosing game preserves, golf links, flower gardens, tennis courts, swimming pools—whatever is desired: all this for the few, while the many huddle in ugly disease-and-vice-breeding slums. That is what I desire to mean by a purely æsthetic satisfaction—an enjoyment of beauty that is had apart from others and, in all too many cases, at the expense of others.

Further consider the money we have spent to provide social satisfactions. Even now, how easy it is to recall the day when we were criticizing working-girls for wearing fur coats and silk stockings! We said they could not afford to wear them, and what we said was perfectly true. They were spending on luxuries money which they ought to have been laying aside for a rainy day, that very rainy day that has now appeared. But they were human, all too human, even as you and I. They wanted to make a favorable impression upon others of their kind. They wanted to be admired, looked up to, sought after, loved a little. And they took the way which most of the rest of us have taken, the way of material display. They spent their little surplus as recklessly as others of us spent our far larger surplus. *They* wore coats and stockings, they could ill afford. *We* built houses we could ill afford, bought automobiles we could ill afford, joined expensive clubs we could ill afford, gave elaborate parties we could ill afford, if not in view of our

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income, certainly in view of our obligations to society. And we did it for the selfsame reason. We wanted to make a favorable impression upon others of our kind. We wanted to be admired, looked up to, sought after, loved a little. And we took the way our generation has considered to be the only way to that end, the way of material display.

Now, in my judgment, it is not altogether fair to place the blame for a materialistic outlook on life solely at the door of the rich. Beyond dispute, the rich man is the dominant man in our society. There is reason to believe that he has dominated our society as he has dominated no other society in the long history of mankind. Not the scholar, not the artist, not the technician, not the priest, certainly not the saint, but the man of means has been accorded preëminence in our society. It is he who has been given the chief place at feasts and even the chief seat in the synagogue. It is he whose doings have been given a publicity denied the doing of artists, excepting only the ones whom Hollywood has featured for quite other than artistic purposes. It is he whose opinions have carried far greater weight than the opinions of scholars and educators. It is he whose approval has been accounted of more worth than the approval of God. By whom? The multitude of us! It is we who, envying him, have enthroned him; it is we who have accepted him as a symbol of human success. He has been at once our conqueror and our victim. He has dominated us by his power; we have dominated him by our adulation. The blame, therefore, for a materialistic outlook on life must be laid not only at his door, but at ours. Most of us have been trying to live by bread alone.

We have not succeeded. Looking back to the peak of an apparent prosperity we can now see that even in those days the world in which we were living was not a very happy world but only a very hectic one. We made money like Midas, and spent it like drunken sailors. We were urged to buy on the installment plan and many of us did, mort-

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gaging our future. We were urged to outspend our neighbors, to buy this or that which would cause our neighbors to look upon us with envy, and many of us did try to *impress* our neighbors.

We also tried to have a good time. We danced and we drank and we flirted a little with other people's wives. We made something called "whoopee" which we thought was happiness but which, as we now know, was but an artificially induced excitement that left us with a headache—and a heartache. Under the increasing strain of making money and spending money, keeping up with our neighbors and having a good time, our nerves gave way. We became irritable and unreasonable; restless, also, and unhappy. We moved into more commodious apartments, into more magnificent houses; and if it were possible for sheer physical beauty to satisfy the soul of man, it would surely have done so in our time. But it takes something more than luxurious surroundings to make people happy, as many of us were destined to discover. We lost, as of course we were bound to do, our vision of God; for not only in the New Testament but in the very nature of things it is written, "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon." We lost our vision of God. We were far more impressed by the power of our leading money-makers than we were by the power of God. For most of us God became but a name. And our art became increasingly crazy, our music increasingly barnyard-ish. Our divorce courts did a thriving business, our politics became ever more corrupt. We tried to live by bread alone and the health that was in us became disease.

One day we went to war over bread. We fought for markets and for raw materials—coal and iron and phosphates and oil. Many of us, to be sure, did not know it at the time: we honestly believed that we were fighting to "make

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the world safe for democracy," to "put an end to war." But now we know, at least we ought to know, for abundant evidence is at hand, that we went to war over bread. We destroyed vast accumulations of wealth in a mad scramble for bread. We destroyed millions of human lives, we sacrificed our sons some of whom were the possessors of genius, we destroyed promising young artists and musicians, scientists and philosophers, we impoverished the future in a mad scramble for bread. As Mr. Lloyd George afterward declared, "we all went mad together." And we went to war over bread, not because there was not enough bread to go around, but because far too many of us cared for bread as we did for nothing else in the world.

Today there is still enough bread to go around. There is, indeed, a surplus of wheat, a surplus of cotton, a surplus apparently of everything. There is plenty of bread to go around, but it is not going around! In our attempt to live by bread alone we have created an economic system in which, apparently, it cannot be made to go around even at a time when millions of people are starving. We see people hungry in a world where there is plenty to eat, and we are by no means indifferent to their plight; we are profoundly disturbed by it. But we know not how to relieve it. The only relief we appear able to think of is charity and that, as we painfully know, is but a sedative, not a cure. We have tried to live by bread alone, and the light that was in us has become darkness.

"And the tempter came and said unto him, If thou art the Son of God, command that these stones become bread. But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." It does appear to be so written, not only in the Book of Deuteronomy, but in the nature of man and in the nature of the world. What we have here is not merely a pious platitude, it is one of the inexorable laws of life. The nature of man is such that when he tries

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to live by bread alone he suffers a disastrous loss of vision and commits all manner of folly. He throws wisdom to the winds and rides hard for a fall. And the nature of the world is such that it cannot long support any human society which is trying to live by bread alone. That is not speculation, it is history. Witness the breaking up of the Roman Empire. Witness the French Revolution and the Russian Revolution. Witness the events of this present hour.

We cannot live by bread alone; that is becoming clear. Is it not also becoming clear that we could live by bread *and* certain words which have proceeded out of the mouth of God? What words? Let the answer be given by one who speaks with an authority that will hardly be challenged in an hour whose events are vindicating his teaching at every important point. When Jesus was asked, "What commandment is the first of all?" he answered, "The first is . . . thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. The second is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." For Jesus these two commandments were a summary of all that had been written in the law, all that had been spoken by the prophets. They were the two supreme words that had proceeded out of the mouth of God. And how significant the fact that on another occasion, when someone had asked him, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" and he had said, "What is written in the law? how readest thou?" and the man had recited these two commandments, Jesus replied, "Thou hast answered right. This do and thou shalt live." We could live by bread *and* such words as these: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

As things now are we cannot love our neighbors as ourselves. That is but to repeat what was said a moment ago when note was taken of the fact that although today there is more than enough bread to go around it is not

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going around and, apparently, cannot be made to go around in the economic system we now have—a fact which condemns our present system far more severely than do the bitterest words of its bitterest critics. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself; that according to Jesus—and according to history!—is one of the most important and imperative words that ever proceeded out of the mouth of God. And today we cannot obey it, even those of us who are eager to do so. We find ourselves entrapped in a system which makes it impossible for us to obey it. But obey it we must. My own conviction is that obedience means *recovery*, and that disobedience means *revolution*. The second commandment is this: Thou shalt build an economic system and a social order in which it will be possible for people to love their neighbors as themselves. Do that and thou shalt live.

But that we shall hardly do unless and until we have a proper regard for the first commandment: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God. What does it mean to love God? The answer given by the saints and seers of the race is, briefly, this: To love God is to care supremely, not for bread and the satisfactions it provides, but for ideals and the satisfactions they provide. It is, in fact, to be an idealist, never content with that which is, striving always for something better which ought to be. To love God is to realize that the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are unseen are eternal. Yesterday he was the possessor of millions, today his millions have shrunk to thousands, tomorrow even the thousands may melt away. We know now that the things which are seen are temporal. And temporal also are the satisfactions which visible things provide, as who does not know who, living in luxury, has found himself restless, discontented, and unhappy. To love God is to care supremely for things unseen, things which no telescope can discover, no microscope reveal, but which nevertheless are so real and so desirable that for their sakes

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earth's finest spirits have been ready to forfeit their property, their liberty, and their lives.

Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also:
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still.

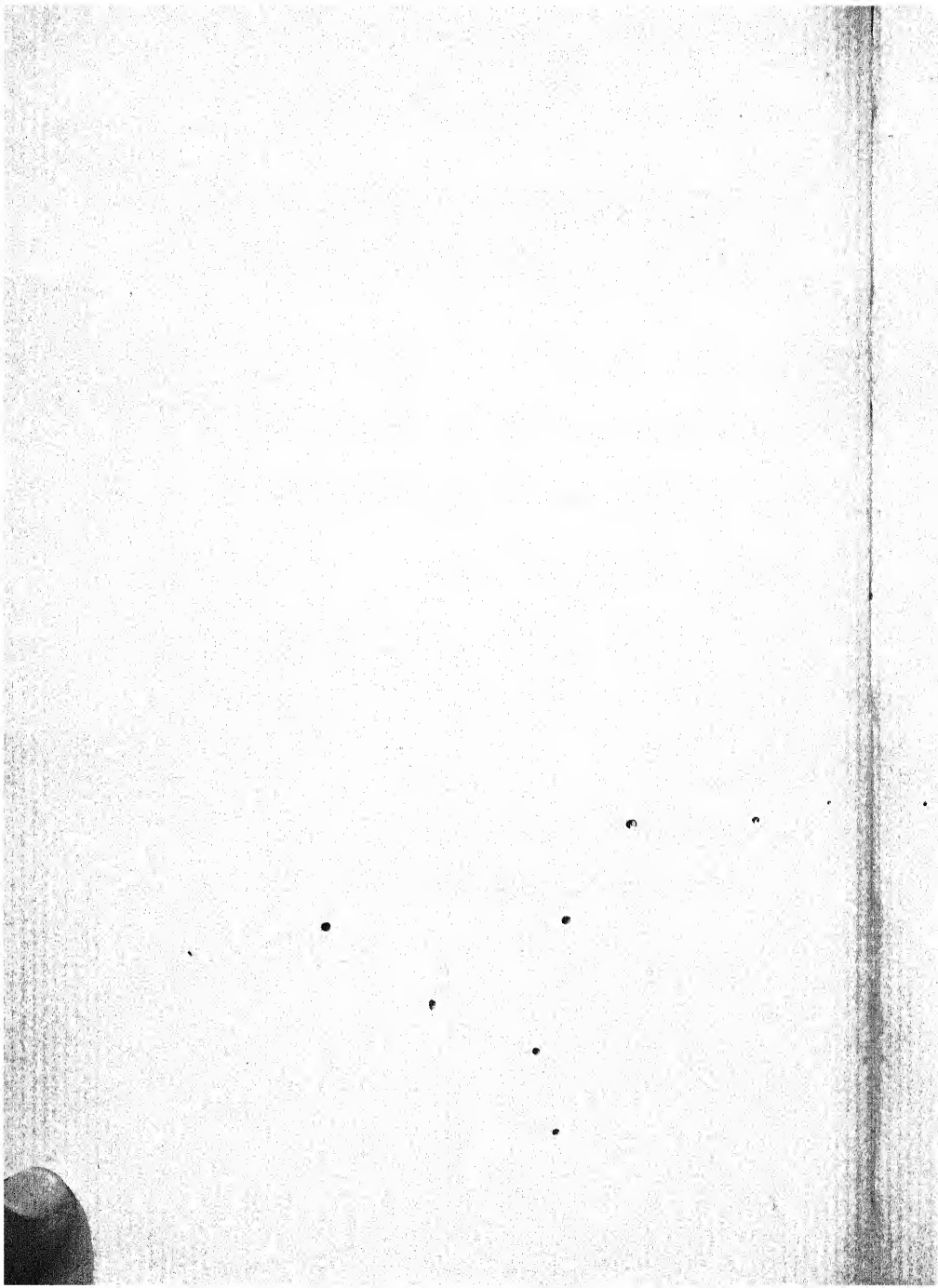
That hymn was first sung by men whose love of God revealed itself in a supreme allegiance to certain things unseen whose eternal quality is declared by the fact that in generation after generation it is they, and only they, which have power to sustain and comfort the hearts of men. To love God is to care supremely for truth and righteousness, mercy and love. It is to take account not only of the visible present but of the invisible future; to think and live ahead of one's time, giving utterance to truth which can hardly hope for immediate acceptance, laboring for causes which only in years to come can expect to succeed.

According to the saints and seers of the race, that is what it means to love God. And how very significant the fact that today it is the lover of God, the idealist, who appears to have spoken wisdom: not "the hard-headed, practical man" who thought only in terms of "bread," but the far-seeing prophetic man who thought in terms of justice and fair play, friendliness and goodwill. It was *he* who told us that the Japanese Exclusion Act was wrong, that Orientals ought to be treated like other peoples, that immigration from Eastern countries ought to be put on the quota basis; a judgment now being endorsed by the United States Chamber of Commerce. It was *he* who warned us against excessively high tariff schedules, and now we all see that he was right. It was *he* who advocated the cancellation of war debts, and now it looks as if they might just as well be cancelled, they will hardly be paid. It was *he* who advocated a revision of reparation demands, and they have had

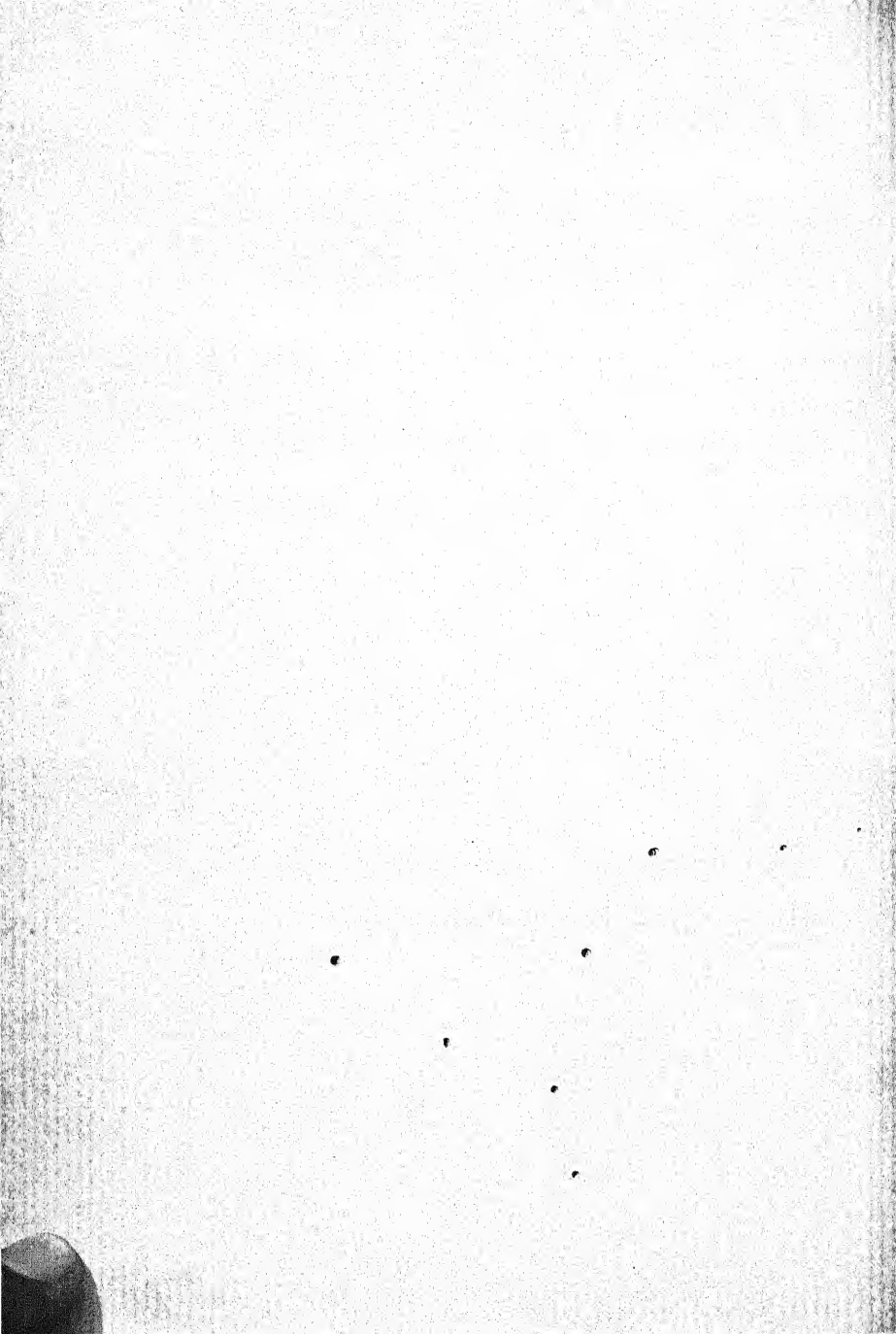
BREAD AND GOD

to be revised. It was *he* who told us that preparation for war inevitably leads to war, that we ought to disband our armies, dismantle our navies, and build institutions of peace; and today increasing numbers even of hard-headed, practical men are beginning to suspect that he was right.

In a fashion which even the man on the street, though something of a fool, can hardly fail to see, human experience is asserting that the first commandment of all is: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God. Only if this first commandment is heeded will vision be found to obey the second. Only in case we love God supremely shall we be able to find the way into a social and economic order in which it will be possible for us to love our neighbors as ourselves.



The PRESENT CASE for FOREIGN MISSIONS



IV

In the year 1906 it was my privilege to attend the Fifth International Conference of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. One of the speakers was a recent graduate of Harvard who was going as a missionary to Japan. He told us that his best friend was a young fellow not yet thirty who, having formed an advantageous connection with a big business concern, was already drawing a salary of \$5,000 a year and had recently received stock certificates valued at \$40,000. He told us that from this rising young business man he had just received a letter which urged him to abandon the idea of a missionary career. "Bill," wrote the friend, "it's hell to be poor, and when I see the men around me making money hand over fist, I am resolved to make more of it. It's getting on my nerves, honest." Then he told us that in reply to this letter he had written as follows: "Old man, you tell me that it's hell to be poor and I tell you that it's hell to be without Christ. When I think of the young men and women of the Orient who are living without Christ I can hardly wait until my ship sails. It's getting on my nerves, honest." At an international conference of students held in Nashville, Tennessee, in 1906 that story "went over big." How big would it go over today?

In those days there was hardly a college of note anywhere in the United States which did not have a sizable and enthusiastic volunteer band composed of students who had volunteered for service on some foreign field as

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evangelist or teacher or physician or nurse; nor would it be stretching the truth to say that such students commanded the unqualified respect of their several colleges. In not a few cases they were accorded a hero-worship which today is given only to the stars of the gridiron.

In the year 1916 in Columbus, Ohio, I attended a conference held under the auspices of the Laymen's Missionary Movement. The sessions of this conference were held in a great hall with a seating capacity of more than three thousand. On the night when George Sherwood Eddy spoke on the needs of the non-Christian world there was standing room only. Mr. Eddy is a captivating speaker, but in what American city today would more than three thousand men come out to hear him or anyone else speak on the subject of foreign missions?

Before the war the Missionary Movement appeared to be altogether the most idealistic adventure on the human horizon and as such it made a tremendous appeal to a multitude of people. The brilliant, romantic, and altogether splendid career of David Livingstone was still casting a spell over the imaginations of men. In those days men thought of Livingstone very much as today men think of Lindbergh and Byrd. Young and eager and adventurous spirits longed to emulate his example. Many of them set out to do so, and many more lamented the circumstances which compelled them to remain at home. To be a missionary was to be a hero; even to contribute to the support of a missionary was to participate in the thrill of a great adventure. A generation ago the missionary enterprise afforded to a multitude of folk a moral equivalent of war. It extended their horizons, stirred their imaginations, afforded an outlet for the spirit of adventure and an opportunity for the display of heroism. In not a few cases it led to fresh and inspiring discoveries of the reality and power of God.

How very different the situation today. The years since

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the war have witnessed an obvious decline of missionary enthusiasm, even in churches whose missionary contributions have not fallen off. And in that not inconsiderable number of churches where there has been a marked let-down of missionary giving, all the ecclesiastical horses and all the ecclesiastical men have not been able to bring it up again.

Today on foreign fields schools and churches are being closed, promising projects are being abandoned, and missionaries are coming home on indefinite furloughs. In 1906, even in 1916, the closing of a missionary school would have caused nothing less than consternation in any American church that had made itself responsible for its support. Indeed, unless there had been the direst kind of financial distress the school would not have been allowed to close. But today, excepting only in the hearts of missionaries who cannot go back, where are the indisputable signs of consternation? What is of most significance in the present situation is not the fact that missionary work in various parts of the world is being drastically curtailed, but rather the fact that this drastic curtailment is being accepted with complacency. Curtailment abroad and consternation at home would be not nearly so significant as is curtailment abroad and at home complacency. We have reached a point where many a preacher hesitates to announce a missionary theme lest he prove unable to retain the attention of his congregation for forty or even thirty minutes.

What does it all mean? Several things, I believe. It means for one thing that the old appeal for the missionary enterprise no longer strikes fire. A generation ago the watchword of the Student Volunteer Movement was, "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation." And what an inspiring watchword that proved to be when it appeared on the lips of a John R. Mott or a Robert E. Speer! Those of us who heard it felt very much as in 1917 young Americans felt when Woodrow Wilson said,

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"Let us make the world safe for democracy." We felt that if there was any red blood in our veins we must in some way respond to it. By no means impossible appeared the task of carrying the gospel to the ends of the earth in our own generation so that no human being then alive would normally die without a chance to hear it. And how very desirable it was that every human being then alive should hear it before he died; for in those days it was commonly believed that at least some knowledge of Christ was absolutely essential to human salvation in this world and in the next. I shall never forget the hush which came over that great student conference in Nashville when Robert E. Speer stood before us with watch in hand and told us, minute after minute, how many human beings in Asia and in Africa were passing into eternity without hope. If only we had been there with our saving gospel before they died! Before the conference adjourned many of us had volunteered to go, many more of us returned to our homes feeling selfish and cowardly, condemning ourselves because we had not volunteered.

Today there is no power in such an appeal for the reason that the premise on which it was based is no longer accepted by intelligent people. The notion that any human being who is uninformed as to the Christian scheme of salvation is thereby doomed to everlasting torment or destruction is today rightly considered to be absurd.

Living also a generation ago was the belief that Asia and Africa had nothing that might be called culture in the European and American sense of the word. Their religions were degraded, their morals unspeakable, their art insignificant or nonexistent. I can vividly recall even now a heated argument I had in seminary days with a fellow theologian who was headed for a foreign field. I ventured to contend that nowhere on the face of the earth had God left Himself without a witness, that the contrary assumption cast a terrible reflection on the character of the Divine,

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and that as a matter of fact there was much in Oriental culture which we of the West could view with admiration. I might have discovered then and there the utter futility of arguing with a man whose ideas are fixed. Fixed in those days was the idea frankly expressed in a well-known hymn:

What though the spicy breezes
Blow o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

But as more and more the West mingles with the East, reads its classics, looks upon its art, fellowships with its cultivated spirits, that idea disappears. Today such names as Gautama, Confucius and Lao-tse are pronounced by Western lips with profound respect, and Kipling's appeal, so popular a generation ago, to "take up the white man's burden" is today being not only resented in the East but repudiated in the West.

Today, moreover, the thinking portion of the West is becoming a bit more humble in the presence of its own achievements. Great art we undoubtedly have; a great and significant literature, too. And of the glory of our science whose tongue is able adequately to tell? In respect of physical comfort—bathtubs and furnaces; in respect of mechanical efficiency and of medicine, surgery, sanitation, literacy, even humanitarianism, there is undeniably a vast deal in our West of which we may properly boast. Not so proud, however, may we feel of our slums. Not so high may we hold our heads in the presence of our political corruption. Not without shame may we view our lynchings and the vicious prejudice which condones them. Not without fear

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may we contemplate that unholy alliance of self-seeking economic groups and saber-rattling military groups which today threatens the perpetuity of our Western civilization. Not without the gravest concern may we view the injustice and inefficiency of our economic order.

In many of us, therefore, there is developing a not unreasonable conviction that we would do well to take the planks out of our own eyes before we undertake to remove splinters from the eyes of other peoples. Steadily increasing is the number of churchmen who feel disposed to say, "Let us Christianize the West before we undertake even so much as to evangelize the East. As things now are we are hardly in a position to preach. What we are speaks so loud the Orient cannot hear what we say. Our fine talk about love and forgiveness and the power of the spirit cannot be heard above the roar of our guns, our sonorous platitudes about the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man become sounding brass or a clanging cymbal in the presence of our exclusion acts and our Jim Crow cars. Unless and until we ourselves become Christian let us not undertake to preach Christianity to the non-Christian world."

Here, it may be supposed, are at least some of the reasons for a waning missionary enthusiasm. We of this generation do not and cannot believe that ignorance of Jesus Christ closes inevitably and forever the gates of heaven, the door of hope. We have too much respect for God to believe that, the God revealed in Jesus. Neither can we believe that other peoples are dwelling in a total darkness, unrelieved by any native insight. How can we believe that in the presence of a Gandhi or a Tagore? So great, indeed, is our appreciation of the best in the East and our dissatisfaction with the worst in the West that we are not so sure as our fathers were that it would greatly benefit the East to exchange its civilization for ours.

Is there, then, any present case for foreign missions? I

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for my part believe there is. But before I attempt to say why I so believe, let me address myself to two current objections to the missionary enterprise. One of these objections proceeds from the avowed belief that we have no right to carry Christianity to the non-Christian world. It is, however, a noteworthy fact that persons who entertain that belief concerning our religion do not, in most cases, entertain a similar belief concerning our sewing machines, our automobiles, our motion pictures, or chewing gum, or cigarettes, or anything else we may sell in the Orient at what may be conservatively called "a reasonable profit." If we are ready to condone propaganda designed to change Oriental beliefs with respect to dressmaking, transportation, amusement, and personal habits, we are hardly in a position to condemn propaganda designed to change Oriental beliefs with respect to God and duty. If General Motors and Hollywood have a legitimate place in Calcutta and Canton, a legitimate place has also the Christian church.

The second objection proceeds from the belief that there is really no need to carry our religion to the non-Christian world. One religion is as good as another. In any event other peoples' religions are as good for them as ours is for us. Why, then, should we ask Orientals to surrender a religion which has served them fairly well for thousands of years in exchange for a religion which may or may not serve them equally well?

Now, a question of this sort might conceivably be put by any one of three classes of people. It might be put by people who have never taken their own religion seriously, whose profession of religion has always been a merely formal affair that has made no difference in their lives. Such persons could easily believe that one religion is as good as another inasmuch as no religion is of very much consequence. The question might also be put by people who, professing to be Christians, nevertheless disbelieve the saying which is written, "God has made of one blood all

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the nations of men to dwell together upon the face of the earth." If you believe profoundly in the essential brotherhood of mankind, you cannot but suppose that men out of every nation and of all peoples and tongues and tribes are capable of responding to the highest when they see it. If, however, you have a persistent Nordic superiority complex and are fully persuaded that all other breeds are inherently and permanently inferior to your own, you may not illogically take the position that other religions, not good enough for you, are quite quite good enough for the peoples who profess them.

One suspects, however, that this position is most often taken by people who are ill informed as to the real religious situation in other parts of the world. They do not know that one half of mankind is still in the grip of low-grade animistic religions which, just to the extent that they are taken seriously, doom their adherents to a low-grade civilization. They have heard of the monotheism of Mohammed, the lofty, ethical precepts of Confucius, and the rare spirituality of Gautama, but they have little if any accurate information concerning the beliefs and practices of the millions who, today, are the professed followers of one or another of these ancient seers. A few years ago, in India, a friend of mine saw a man out in his front yard scattering sugar over the ground to feed the white ants that were swarming there. White ants are one of the worst pests with which India has to deal. Year after year they eat up millions of dollars' worth of property. And here was a man piously feeding them in obedience to the command of his religion which told him that they harbored the spirits of his ancestors! It is simply absurd to say that one religion is as good as another. And if you know what you are talking about it is nothing short of cruelty to say that other peoples' religions are as good for them as Christianity is, or at least might be, for us.

What, then, is the present case for foreign missions? First,

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I would mention the fact that East and West are bound to mingle: no Exclusion Act can permanently keep them apart. In the future, more and more, the East is destined to penetrate the West. Today, however, in far greater numbers the West is penetrating the East; and may I be forgiven the question, "And how?" Mostly by three types of men—the trader, the official, the missionary. The trader is there to make money, the official is there to protect the interests of a foreign power, the missionary is there to serve the people. The trader stands for Western commercialism; the official stands for Western imperialism; the missionary stands for Western idealism. We cannot bring home the trader. We will not bring home the official unless and until we are compelled to do so. Can we afford then to bring home the missionary and leave the other two as our sole representatives in the East? Suppose that during the past one hundred years there had been no missionary in the Orient, that only the trader and the official had been there. How much reason we would have today to tremble in the presence of the feeling the East would have for the West. It is doubtless true that to an extent which we are unable to appreciate the missionary has saved us and our children from the utter hatred and detestation of the East. He has been the one man who has represented to the East the best in the West. He has proved to Oriental peoples that in Western civilization there is, after all, something that is not drunk with greed of gold or lust for power, something to which the best in the East may respond with appreciation, gratitude, and even affection. How hazardous, then, it would be to bring home the one man who stands for Western idealism and who, today, willing to forego the protection of gunboats and the privileges of extraterritoriality, is a living incarnation of that religion of the spirit which dares to rely upon spiritual forces and is, therefore, the hope of mankind.

Secondly, I would mention the fact that there is in the

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West a vast deal which is desperately needed in the East and which only the missionary is likely to take there. Our medicine, for example. Surely nobody would deny that when it comes to medicine and surgery and sanitation we of the West are immeasurably better off than are the peoples of the East. As a recent contributor to the *American Mercury* (of all magazines) has not hesitated to say, "Even those who hold that idol worship is as good for the heathen as Christianity is for us will hardly argue that native medicine is as good as ours in curing the natives' diseases." And he goes on to say something whose significance ought to be inescapable: "Very few doctors, *qua doctor*, would have felt the impulse to practice healing in distant and benighted lands. They are more apt to crowd into cities already well cared for, so that even our own rural districts are beginning to suffer. But doctors imbued with a missionary spirit go where the need is greatest, and many are as able practitioners as those who prefer a more remunerative practice." Possessed of anything less than the missionary passion, how many physicians do you suppose would bury themselves as has Dr. Albert Schweitzer in Africa, or as did my friend, Dr. John Corns, for a quarter of a century in China? And who, save the missionary, is likely to develop any active and enduring concern for the upliftment of womanhood in Africa or in Asia? Say what you will (and should) about the limitations of Western civilization, there is nevertheless a vast deal in the West which is desperately needed in the East and which only the missionary is likely to take there.

Mention has been made of the fact that the religion which today millions of people seriously profess is not good enough for them. By reason of the fears it inspires and the ignorant and often degrading practices it imposes, it holds them down to a miserably low level of life. Now, for some strange reason, the Hebrew race has developed the noblest, most uplifting conception of God that has

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ever appeared in this world. It has also, in the person of Jesus, given birth to the most redemptive and creative spirit that has ever appeared upon the earth. Why, then, should we not share with other peoples that conception of God which has made possible the best that we know? Why should we withhold from other peoples that redeeming and creative spirit which we ourselves have found in Jesus?

Concerning the Judaism of his own day Jesus said, "I am come not to destroy, but to fulfil." At its own best that is precisely what Christianity may say concerning every other religious culture. At its own best Christianity goes today into Africa or into Asia not to destroy but rather to fulfil anything of value in an existing culture. Of the old type of missionary it must be conceded that he seldom saw anything commendable in a foreign land. But the new type of missionary may say, as did his Master, "I have come not to destroy, but to fulfil. I am here to help you develop your own best in the way of art and architecture, music and medicine, home life and community life, religious insight and ethical culture." The best in Mohammed and his civilization, the best in Buddha and his civilization, the best in Confucius and his civilization would not be destroyed by a liberal, enlightened Christianity; rather would it be preserved, developed, and enriched by that spirit of Jesus which, undoubtedly, is the most redemptive and creative force that our world knows.

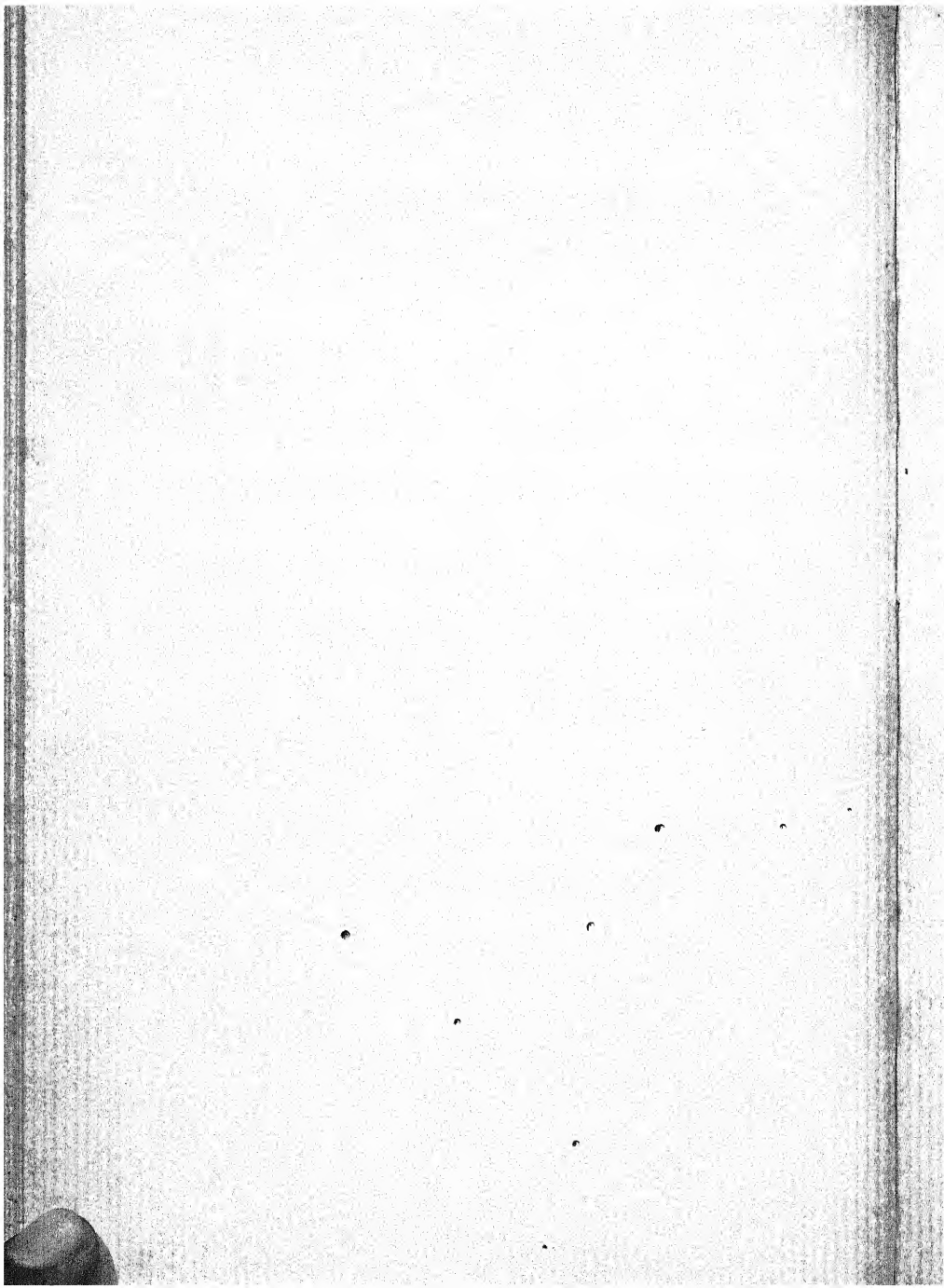
And concerning the present case for foreign missions this further word may surely be said: Today the world is one. In a very profound sense there is no longer East or West, North or South; there is human life struggling to maintain itself and striving to advance itself on this one little planet among the stars. Whatever "our name or sign," the things which separate us are as dust in the balance compared with the things which unite us, including the evils from which we all suffer. The notion that here in the

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United States we might strive and hope to improve our own situation while letting the rest of the world "go by" is preposterous. Even the notion that we had better solve our own problems before we attempt to help other people solve their problems is unsound. In an interrelated world no people can solve its major problems without the coöperation of other peoples. How can we of the United States hope to have real "prohibition" so long as the rest of the world has license? How can we hope to have peace if the rest of the world elects to have war? We know now that we cannot have prosperity while other peoples are in the throes of adversity. Even our health is imperiled by epidemics which originate in the ends of the earth.

The world is one. Its several peoples are members of a single organism so that today America cannot say to Europe, "You go your way and I will go mine"; the West cannot say to the East, "What you do is your concern, not ours"; the white race cannot say to the yellow or the brown or the black, "You have no part with us." Together we rise or together we fall. If, therefore, with any sincerity and intelligence we are to go on praying in our churches, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," we must proceed on John Wesley's assumption that the world is our parish.

COMING, a NEW RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT!



V

Seeing it is God, that said, Light shall shine out of darkness, who shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

—II Cor. 4:6

It has been claimed that "every great religious movement coincides with a new discovery of truth."¹ This was certainly true of Christianity, which was born of the discovery of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. It was this new vision of God that turned Saul into Paul and brought courage and hope to a disillusioned world.

In that ancient Græco-Roman world where "cruelty and sated lust (had made) human life a hell" appeared men and women, mostly of the so-called lower classes, whose lives were astonishingly pure, upright, and kind. Here were people who remained away from the obscene performances of the theater, who refused to witness the sadistic cruelty of the arena. Here were people who cared for the sick and the poor, had words of hope for the sinful and the outcast.

They went everywhere—eastward into Syria; southward into Egypt and the hinterland of Africa; westward into Macedonia and Greece and Rome; northward into Gaul. All over the world they went with a faith which inspired them to labor in love for the good of their fellows.

¹ T. R. Glover, *The Conflict of Religions in the Early Roman Empire*, in which I found also the telling quotations from Tertullian which I have cited.

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Gradually they became aware of the fact that in their case ancient barriers were melting away. Read St. Paul's exulting cry: "There is now no room for Greek and Jew, circumcised and uncircumcised, barbarian, Scythian, slave, or free man; Christ is everything and everywhere." Note with a smile his old-fashioned dislike of hearing women speak in public gatherings, but also his revolutionary demand, "Husbands, love your wives, as Christ loved the church and gave his life for it." Read that charming letter with which he sent back to his master a runaway slave: "No longer a mere slave but something more than a slave, a beloved brother; especially dear to me but how much more to you as a man and a Christian." Read also that astonishing prelude to his great ode to love. Comparing the growing body of Christ to the human body, he declares: "The eye cannot say to the hand, 'I have no need of you'; nor again the head to the feet, 'I have no need of you' . . . the various members should have a common concern for one another." In that growing body of Christ the various members did develop a common concern for one another. Not in irony but in wonderment an onlooking world once exclaimed, "Behold how these Christians love one another!"

But this Christian brotherhood which overcame all national, racial, and social barriers appeared in the eyes of Roman officials to threaten the stability of the Roman state. Its members refused to burn incense before the statue of the emperor, declaring (almost in the exact language recently used by Professor Macintosh of Yale) that their allegiance must be first to the will of God. And some of them refused military service on the ground that their religion required them to be killed rather than to kill. So it came to pass that these wholly inoffensive people, these honest, kind, devoted people were subjected to one of the longest and fiercest persecutions of which history knows. They were branded as atheists, as traitors, and accused of

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all sorts of unnatural crimes, including the eating of children. They were spied upon by officials, by soldiers, by apparently friendly neighbors. Whenever they met for worship there was almost certain to be a spy present and they could never be sure that they would be allowed to return to their homes alive. Every calamity of whatever sort was blamed upon them. "If the Tiber rises to the walls," writes Tertullian, "if the Nile does not reach the fields, if the skies are rainless, if there is an earthquake, if a famine, if a plague, immediately rises the cry, 'The Christians to the lions!'" They never knew when death would come or what hideous form it would take. Sometimes the condemned was given to wild beasts to be quickly or slowly devoured. Sometimes he was ripped open with hooks, or crucified, or burned. The most merciful fate he could hope for was that of being slain with the sword. And what might be in store for a pure-hearted, sensitive woman is suggested by Tertullian's statement: "Recently by condemning a Christian woman to the brothel rather than to the beasts you admitted that among us a stain upon woman's honor is considered worse than any punishment or any death." It was a very terrible ordeal and it lasted, off and on, for three centuries!

Yet these harried Christians were actually happy. "Children of joy," Barnabas calls them. And Clement of Alexandria writes, "*Praising* we plow, *singing* we sail." And Tertullian declares that "the church is the one thing in the world that always rejoices." Modern scholars who are acquainted with the literature of the period, both Christian and pagan, do not hesitate to say that these early Christians were notably the happiest people in that second, third, and fourth century world. Nor is the reason for their happiness undiscoverable: they believed in God, a God whom they felt able to reverence and trust; they found strength, courage, and peace in Christ, in devotion to whom they were able to overcome conflicting impulses and achieve unity in

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their own lives; they experienced that pure and contagious joy which human beings always experience in disinterested comradeship and service; and they achieved that extraordinary hopefulness which human beings always achieve when they find something to live for that is greater than self.

Because they chose to die rather than to swear a supreme allegiance to Cæsar they were accused of being obstinate; but, as one of them remarked, this obstinacy served to educate the world. Wrote Tertullian: "Every man who witnesses this great endurance is struck with some misgiving and is set on fire to look into it to find what is its cause, and when he has learnt the truth he follows it himself as well. . . . The more we are cut off the more we spring up. The blood of the Christians is the seed of the church."

They were extraordinarily effective, those persecuted but undaunted Christians; and when at last, no less by reason of its own inherent weakness than by reason of the onslaught of barbarian hordes, the Roman Empire collapsed, it was they who, during the darkness of a long night, kept faith and hope alive and who, slowly but surely, laid foundations for a new civilization.

I have rehearsed an ancient story because I believe that there is value in an historical perspective, especially in a time of crisis and confusion when, panic-stricken, men are likely to recommend and attempt all sorts of desperate, futile measures; and because I believe that we shall soon witness a new religious movement which will sweep over our sad and disillusioned world as the early Christian movement swept over that ancient Græco-Roman world, bringing spiritual insight, moral vigor, and, therefore, a revival of courage, hope, and happiness. There does seem to be some justification for the claim that "every great religious movement coincides with a new discovery of truth." Notice, then, certain discoveries which may now presage the birth of a new religious movement.

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One is the discovery that mechanism in both science and philosophy has shot its bolt. A thoroughly mechanistic interpretation of life and the world is now considered by intelligent persons to be an absurdity.

Another is the discovery that science, like patriotism, is "not enough"; for it leaves us with no scale of values, no perception of the ends for which we should strive, no vision of those mighty imponderables which are, after all, the most important and significant part of our human experience, and no answer to the haunting question, What is it all about?

We are also making the discovery that nationalism is not enough. According to one report of what happened at the trial of Jesus, Pilate said to the high priests of Israel, "Shall I crucify your king?" and their reply was, "We have no king but Cæsar." There are people today in every nation who might truthfully affirm, "We have no God but Cæsar," for in actual fact they recognize no sovereignty beyond or above the state to which they belong. But the conviction is spreading that nationalism is not enough. During the World War the editor of the London *Times* wrote: "We have lost our citizenship in the City of God because we have lost the sense of our common humanity. . . . Either we are all citizens of the same City of God and war between us is civil war, a monstrous iniquity, or else there is no City of God and no home for man in the universe, but only an everlasting conflict between creatures that have nothing in common and no place where they can gather and be at rest."

Today we are recovering the sense of our common humanity. We are discovering that we cannot in any nation live as unto ourselves alone, that what helps some of us eventually helps all of us and what hurts any of us eventually hurts all of us. And now, to a degree unachieved by Western man since the close of the thirteenth century, we are longing to believe that there is a City of God, a home

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for man in the universe, a place where men of every nation can gather and be at rest.

We are further discovering that material prosperity is not enough. Today, we are able to contemplate a yesterday characterized by high-pressure selling, installment buying, reckless speculation, insane competition, desperate attempts to keep up with the Joneses, vulgar displays of wealth and a consuming desire to acquire wealth—a time when we allowed ourselves to become so absorbed in dollar-chasing that, as Stuart Chase has remarked, “even golf became an out-of-door annex to the salesroom when it was not an out-of-door annex to the stock-exchange.” A time, also, when we lost our vision of God and our sense of value, so that our manners deteriorated along with our morals. As the author of *Only Yesterday* reminds us: “Men and women who had had, as the old phrase went, advantages and considered themselves highly civilized absorbed a few cocktails and straightway turned a dinner party into a boisterous rout, forgetting that a general roughhouse was not precisely a sign of the return to the Greek idea of the good life.” Then came the deluge!

We are discovering that money is not enough. And now we know that we ourselves are not self-sufficient, that alone and unaided by any higher Power we shall hardly be able, amid the ruins of our pride and folly, to build a decent and enduring civilization. Attention has been called to the discredited prophecies of our business leaders. Attention ought also to be called to the discredited prophecies of our intellectuals, who, insisting that there is nothing beyond man save his own ideals, boldly announced to the world that God is not only nonexistent but unneeded, that we human creatures are abundantly able to shift for ourselves. Today, however, our once confident intellectuals are noticeably less confident. Not a few of them are standing aside in philosophical contemplation of a situation which they lack the faith and the courage to try to improve.

COMING, A NEW RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT!

If, then, it be true that every great religious movement coincides with a new discovery of truth, we may, I think, confidently expect that a vigorous religious movement will before long appear in our world. When it comes it will, I believe, bear certain remarkable resemblances to that early Christian movement of which we have been thinking. I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, nor am I wholly unaware of the risks of prophecy, but I shall venture to make articulate a vision which to my own mind has been growing increasingly clear.

This new religious movement will start with a comparatively few individuals, mostly of humble birth and station, who will somehow recover that vision of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ which in centuries past has once and again brought courage and hope to a sad and disillusioned world. That vision will deliver them not only from their fear of death (if they have any), bringing to them a renewed assurance of immortality, but also and especially will it deliver them from their fear of life. It will remove from their minds all fear save that of proving faithless in an hour when humanity is being crucified by its own sins and follies. And I see them, much after the manner of those early Christians, spreading the good news which they themselves have discovered, asking some one to walk with them or dine with them and then, in the light of a sublime and creative faith, discussing the whole contemporaneous situation.

"How," asks Carlyle, "did Christianity rise and spread among men? Was it by institutions and establishments and well-arranged systems of mechanism? No! it arose in the mystic deeps of man's soul; and was spread by the preaching of the word by simple and altogether natural individual efforts; and flew like hallowed fire from heart to heart." Similarly, I imagine, will this new religious movement rise and spread among men. Institutions and establishments, well-arranged systems of mechanisms we not only have

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but must have—I am fully convinced of that. I am also convinced that it is not in and through them that a new religious movement will rise and spread but rather in and through individuals who, untrammelled by institutional red tape and timidity, will go about with a faith which will constrain them to refuse force and violence, whether in the present struggle between nations or in the present struggle between classes, but will inspire them to labor in love for the welfare of mankind.

Naturally they will not be content with things as they are. Who could be who had any faith or love in him? Naturally, therefore, they will undertake by peaceful means to secure such changes as are now imperatively called for in our present social and economic order. They will not fail in their duty or devotion to their own country. They will strive ever to make their own country truly great and really secure. But, taking the position of Woodrow Wilson that a man should be as much ashamed to fail in his duty to humanity as he would be to fail in his duty to his own country, they will resolutely oppose any act or policy of their own country which threatens the welfare of mankind.

It is likely, therefore, that many of them will be called upon to endure persecution. All manner of evil will be spoken against them falsely for Christ's sake. The blame for all sorts of calamities (which they have earnestly striven to prevent) will be laid at their doors. Almost certainly some of them, like St. Paul, will be thrown into prison, and not a few of them may be subjected to terrible brutalities. During the last war, American conscientious objectors were in some cases, "beaten, pricked, or stabbed with bayonets, jerked about with ropes around their necks, threatened with summary execution, tortured with various forms of the water cure. In at least two cases men were immersed in the filth of latrines, one of them head downward! In several cases guards dug their thumbs into the eyes of

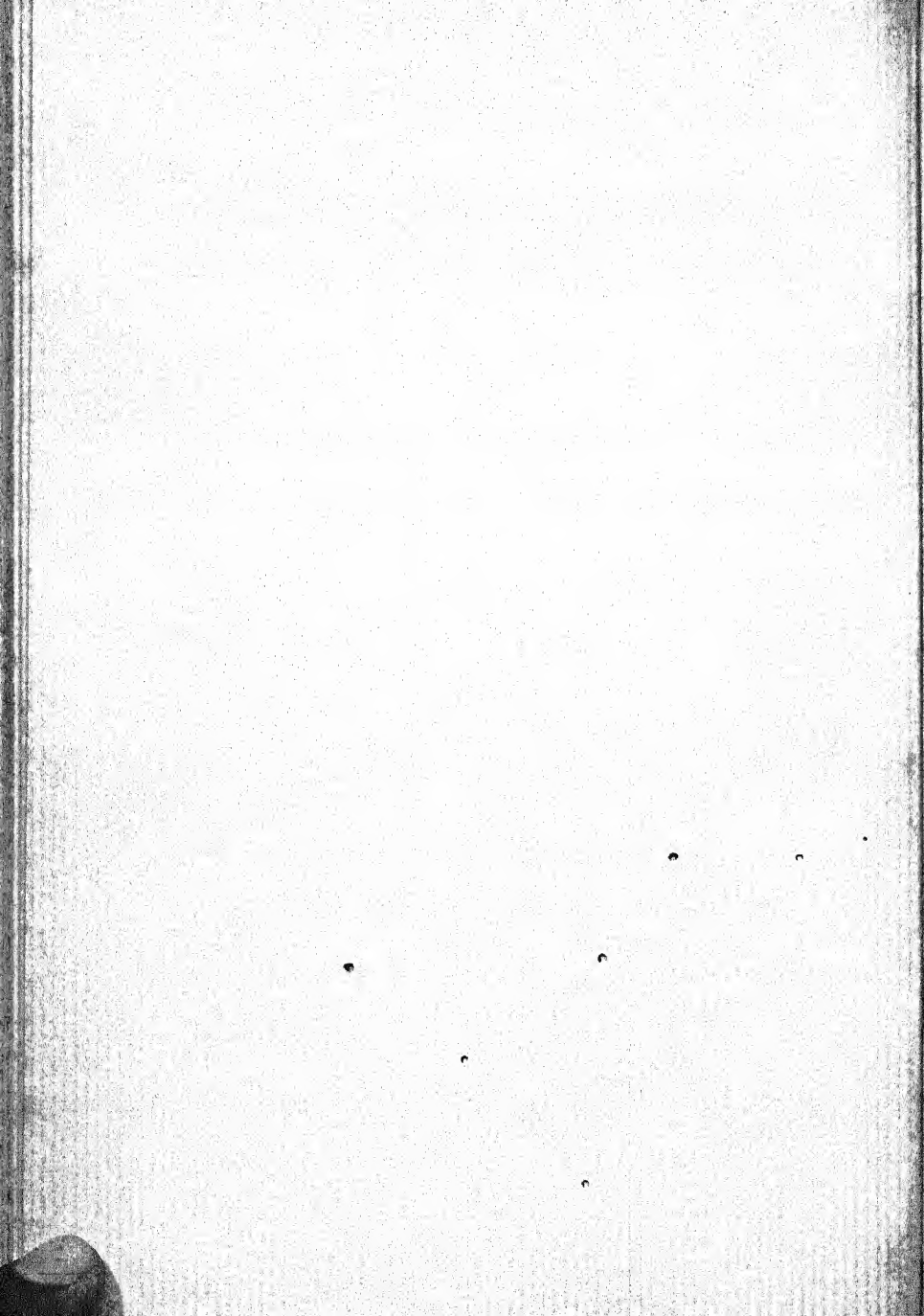
COMING, A NEW RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT!

objectors in order by this form of exquisite torture to make them put on the uniform or obey a military command. . . . A dramatic coincidence occurred in the case of Howard Moore. At the very time that he was manacled like a wild beast in a solitary cell he was awarded the Carnegie medal for bravery in rescuing a woman from drowning at the risk of his own life."²

I anticipate that in not a few bitter and terrible ways history will repeat itself. But this also I firmly believe: As the result of this new religious movement there will presently appear in the lives of increasing numbers of people a new courage, a new hope, and a new happiness. Believing that the glory of God has shown in the face of Jesus Christ, that what dwells eternally at the heart of things is not brute force but love, men will become courageous. They will also become hopeful. And then, as they devote all that they have and are to a cause which they consider to be greater than self and dearer than life, they will develop a kind and degree of happiness comparable to that which in those early Christians led Tertullian to say, "The church is the one thing in the world that always rejoices."

And this, too, I believe: The positions taken by these pioneers of a new religious movement will presently be taken by others, and still others. At least some of the policies they have advocated will be adopted, at least some of the experiments for which they have pled will be tried, with the result that what is good in the civilization of today will be cherished and preserved, but much that is bad will be done away and in its stead shall spring up the flowers of a new culture, more beautiful by far than the multitude of men have ever witnessed in the past.

* Norman Thomas, *The Conscientious Objector in America*.



The NEED of a RIGHT ATTITUDE

VI

*Create in me a clean heart, O God;
And renew a right spirit within me.*

—Psalm 51:10

Some time ago I saw an advertisement which raised the question: If you spill a plate of soup in the lap of your hostess should you attempt to apologize or pass over the incident in silence? The advertisement urged me to buy the book and find out, and just for a moment I was sorely tempted to do so. But then I decided that, in case I should do so dreadful a thing as that contemplated in this advertisement, if I were heartily sorry for what I had done it would probably be given unto me in that hour how and what I should speak, but, if I were not genuinely sorry for what I had done, it would probably avail but little for me either to apologize or to pass over the incident in silence.

There is, to be sure, a technique of good manners which everyone ought to acquire. It contributes something of real value to human relationships. It is akin to art and architecture and poetry and music. It adds to the beauty and joy of life. Good manners, let it be plainly said, are good; but they are not enough. It is good for a man to assist a woman to become comfortably seated at a table. It is good for him to do so even after he has married her! But what if one continue punctiliously to perform the authorized ritual of politeness yet in his relationship to other people allow himself to become selfish, domineering, and, at times, even

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cruel? The essence of good manners is, after all, just goodness—kindness, thoughtfulness, consideration for others—and although it is undeniable that the technique of gentlemanly behavior may be acquired by men who are not gentlemen at heart, still the effect is never the same as it is in the case of persons whose gracious behavior is the manifestation of a gracious spirit. Woe unto men who are like unto whited sepulchers which outwardly are beautiful but which, within, are full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness! In the end such men deceive nobody except themselves.

Similarly it may be said that good laws are good; but, like good manners, they are not enough. It is one thing to add to the Constitution of the United States a thirteenth, a fourteenth, and a fifteenth amendment; it is another thing to secure for men whose skins are black the same opportunities which are accorded to men whose skins are white—and still another thing to develop in a long-disinherited race a driving ambition for self-development. It is one thing to add to the Constitution of the United States an eighteenth amendment; it is another thing to enforce it, and still another to develop in men and women of all classes and ages a genuine desire and determination to face their daily task "with minds undrugged and with tempered passions."

Even when good laws are enforced they are not enough to guarantee good conduct. For although statute law may say, Thou shalt not kill, it cannot say, Thou shalt not hate. Although it may say, Thou shalt not steal, it cannot say, Thou shalt not covet. Although it may say, Thou shalt not commit adultery, it cannot say, Thou shalt not look upon a woman to lust after her. And if a man goes on thinking wrong, imagining wrong, and secretly desiring wrong, a day is likely to come when he will actually do wrong.

Moreover, there are times when all forms of social pressure are, if not entirely removed, at least not in easy evi-

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dence. There is no policeman just around the corner; there is no Mrs. Grundy peering through her curtains or listening at the keyhole; there is no obvious pressure either of law or of public opinion. And if then a man is under no inner compulsion to do what is right there is likely to be trouble. Away from home, from people whom he knew and who knew him, how many a poor fellow has morally crashed!

There is, when all is said, just one thing which may safely be relied on for moral protection under any and all circumstances, and that is a right attitude toward life, a genuine desire to be and do right. Possessing a right attitude, a man may, to be sure, make mistakes of judgment; but he is not apt to make a kind of mistake which will darken his future and cripple his life. Even though you ship him

. . . east of Suez

Where the best is like the worst

And there ain't no ten commandments

And a man may raise a thirst,

he is not likely to run amuck.

Consider also two other situations in which a right attitude makes a world of difference. One of them is the situation always presented by adversity. When a man who would like to live is told by his physician that he has an inoperable cancer and is doomed to die, he may react in one or another of two ways. He may face the inevitable fearfully and resentfully; in which case he will, of course, contribute nothing to his own recovery but much to the pain and anxiety of his friends. Or he may face it as did a friend of mine. It fell to my lot to tell him that the operation he had just undergone was unsuccessful, that the growth from which he was suffering was found to be malignant. He knew then that he was doomed, but with a poise and sweetness of spirit at which we all marveled he finished one after another certain tasks which he had set

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his will to accomplish; and then one day, with a smile, he said to me, "I have now done what I set out to do and there is nothing on my mind. I have only to play until the end." Knowing that he had but a short time to live, he faced the future in a fashion that made his death a triumph for him and an inspiration for all who knew him.

So also in any hour of adversity a man may react in one or another of two ways: he may give up and go down, or he may stand up and go on. He may leap out of a tenth story window, or he may develop the attitude of a Sir Walter Scott who, when the publishing house in which he had invested the bulk of his fortune utterly failed, and when on top of that calamity his favorite grandson died, and when on top of that loss his wife developed an incurable disease, transcribed in his diary two lines from Shakespeare's King Henry IV:

Are these things then necessities?

Then let us face them like necessities.

When it comes, adversity, like death, must be faced. What is to be gained by facing it with fear or with resentment? Who by giving way to fear or bitterness can recover his fortune, his health, his hearing or anything else he has lost? When adversity comes and has to be faced, how much better to face it bravely with faith and hope in one's heart.

An Indian hymn which, it is said, appears often on the lips of Gandhi, declares that the way of the Lord is for heroes, it is not meant for cowards. And of life it appears to be true that it is not meant for cowards. In the case of certain insects the propagation of life means death for the male. In the case of our human species birth means anguish for the mother. Not even physical life can be had without cost. And what shall be said of the life of the mind, the higher life of the spirit? There are, it appears, a few people in this world who are able to live softly.

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They toil not, neither do they spin. They are able to eat their bread in the sweat of other people's faces. But to know them is not to envy them; often, it is to pity them. They appear to have everything in the world—except happiness, contentment, inner peace. They know neither the toiler's sweat nor his joy, neither the prophet's anguish nor his ecstasy.

Life is not made for cowards, for slackers, or for parasites. It does appear intended for heroes. The selfsame conditions which prove to be the undoing of the coward often prove to be the making of a hero. I for my part hold no brief for poverty. I do not believe that poverty is desirable, nor do I concede that it is inevitable. I believe that a day will come when poverty will be abolished. I even believe that it will come in my own lifetime, by evolution or by revolution. But so long as poverty remains in this world and has to be faced, surely it is well for people who are obliged to face it to bear in mind, for their own encouragement and inspiration, the undeniable fact that many of the greatest men who have ever lived in this world have had poverty to wrestle with at some time in their lives. Sir James Barrie has declared that the greatest glory that ever came to him was to be swallowed up in London, not knowing a soul, with no means of subsistence, and the fun of working until the stars went out. To be sure, not every man possesses the genius of a Barrie and it would, of course, be unfair to suppose that in similar circumstances any man might do as well as he did. But it would not be unfair, it would be only wise to say to any young man who today finds himself in similar circumstances, Face your situation with courage, don't give up.

And invalidism? In timid persons it produces petulance, irritability, moroseness, self-pity. But who among us has not known at least one great sufferer who was a singularly wise, well-poised, and noble character who, far from filling

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other people's skies with the smoke of his own gloom, filled them with the shine of his own faith and hopefulness?

Defeat? The brave man never acknowledges it. When he fails of reelection to the United States Senate, Albert J. Beveridge begins to work on his *John Marshall* and, until death comes, he works on his *Abraham Lincoln*—two biographies by which he seems destined to be remembered long after his political career has been forgotten.

A black skin? Reading the poetry which comes today from Negro pens, one is sometimes surprised at the amount of distilled bitterness the lines contain, although, perhaps, what ought to occasion surprise is just the fact that there is not more of it. "To make a poet black and bid him sing"—is it not asking too much? But a poet named Paul Laurence Dunbar who was made black and bidden to sing and who died of tuberculosis at thirty-four years of age was able to write this:

A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,
A minute to smile and an hour to weep in,
A pint of joy to a peck of trouble,
And never a laugh but the moan comes double,
And that is life.

A crust and a corner that love makes precious,
With the smile to warm and the tears to refresh us,
And joy seems sweeter when care comes after,
And a moan is the finest of soils for laughter,
And that is life.

There are bitter circumstances that can be changed. The timid man makes vain attempts to run away from them. The brave man accepts them as a kind of challenge which life has presented to him and proceeds to alter them. There are bitter circumstances that cannot be changed. The timid man allows them to overwhelm him. The brave man recognizes the fact that they cannot be changed but, refusing to be overwhelmed by them, he proceeds to adjust himself

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to them in a way that secures for him a spiritual triumph. The way of the Lord is for heroes; it is not meant for cowards. Meet life timidly and it will prove too much for you. Meet it bravely and it will in some way reward you. In this case a right attitude makes a world of difference.

Consider, also, the situation which develops whenever a man is called upon to decide what he will do with his life. Some years ago, at student conferences held under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, it was customary to set aside an evening for the discussion of this life-work question and to have the various fields of human activity presented by persons who had chosen to enter them, the order of presentation being always as follows: first business, then law, then medicine, then teaching, then the ministry, then the foreign missionary enterprise. This order was intended to be significant. It was intended to pass moral judgment upon these several fields of activity and, incidentally of course, upon the men who had chosen to enter them. It was intended to say, If you decide to go into business—well, this is a free country and there is nothing to prevent your doing so, but, having done so, you are not entitled to think nearly so well of yourself as you might properly have thought had you gone into the ministry or, better still, had you chosen to go as a missionary to some foreign land. In those days there was more joy, if not among the angels in heaven, at least among the pious on earth, over one young man who decided to go into the ministry than over ninety and nine other young men who had decided to go into business.

But that was because in those days it was only in three professions—medicine, teaching, professional religious work—that society expected any man to be a minister. Had some young fellow announced a decision to go into the ministry in the hope of becoming a high-placed and well-paid ecclesiastic, even worldlings would have scoffed at his motive. But if some young fellow had announced a decision

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to go into business in the hope of becoming a millionaire, nobody would have been shocked or surprised. Today, however, we are waking up to the fact that human society has a right to expect every man to be a minister; which means that when the time comes for a man to decide what he will do with his life, what is of primary importance is not the field he is to enter, important though that is, but the attitude and ambition with which he is to go into any field.

Here are five men, every one of whom is selfish, out for what he can get, with an eye solely to his own interest. And the fact that one is in business, another in law, another in medicine, another in education, another in the pulpit—what slightest difference does that fact make to society? Having in mind the welfare of society, must you not deplore all five of these men, and especially the one who stands in a pulpit and mouths a gospel which his own life contradicts? What is of primary importance is not the field but the spirit in which a man determines to labor. As for the field, let it be decided by aptitude and preference. Let a man feel perfectly free to go into any field to which he appears to be adapted and in which he thinks he can find joy and zest in toil. Let him consider that it is the will of God for him to do what most he wants to do and may, therefore, do most effectively. But may God have mercy upon any man who in days such as these goes into any field with a thoroughly selfish ambition. Not only will he have no part in the making of that better world which is to be, which must be made to be if civilization is to endure; not only will he miss the fun of a great creative undertaking; but the contingency is by no means unthinkable that he may, and before long, be summarily pushed aside by forces which, at long last, are refusing to tolerate in any man a thoroughly selfish ambition.

Now, there are, I suppose, many ways of developing a right attitude, but two in particular I shall venture to

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name. The best way to learn how to speak French, or good English, is to associate with people who do speak it. The best way to acquire that indefinable thing which we call culture is to associate with people who appear to have it. And one way to cultivate a right attitude is to think often of certain human lives in which a right attitude has nobly appeared. Travel with St. Paul amid all the difficulties he had to face on land and sea and hear him say, "In Him who strengthens me I am able for anything." Stand with Martin Luther at Worms when, on trial for his life, he declares, "It is hazardous and dishonorable for a man to act contrary to his own conscience. Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise, God help me." Follow the trail blazed by David Livingstone through Central Africa. Consider his loneliness, his hardships, his thirty-one attacks of African fever—and hear him say, "I have never made a sacrifice in my life." Listen to the aged Pasteur as, at the close of a life devoted to science and human welfare, he thus advises a group of young collegians: "Say to yourself first, What have I done for my education? and then, as you advance, What have I done for my country? until at last you may have the supreme satisfaction of thinking that you have contributed in some way to the progress and good of mankind." Think of Albert Schweitzer whose brilliant gifts would enable him to shine anywhere in Europe but who is choosing instead to serve in Africa. Think of William Hapgood dispossessing himself of a great fortune in order that he may carry on a great experiment in industrial democracy. Think of Eugene Debs going to prison as the result of his protest against a war which today almost everybody is willing to acknowledge was sheer madness. Think of Kagawa who surrendered his fortune and risked his life to labor for Christ's sake in the slums of Japan and who, while his government is waging an aggressive war in China, sends to Chinese Christians at Tsinan a message like this: "Dear Brothers and Sisters; I want to ask your

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pardon for my nation because of what we are doing. I cannot preach in the name of Christ. I ask your attention to this fact, however, that even in Japan at least the majority of the Japanese people were against the sending of any kind of troops to your province, and we Christians were bitterly opposed to it. Therefore, pardon us. Pardon me, especially, because our Christian forces were not strong enough to get the victory over the militarists. But the day will come when we shall be, and when both nations will be harmonious and peaceful in the name of Christ. We Japanese love China."

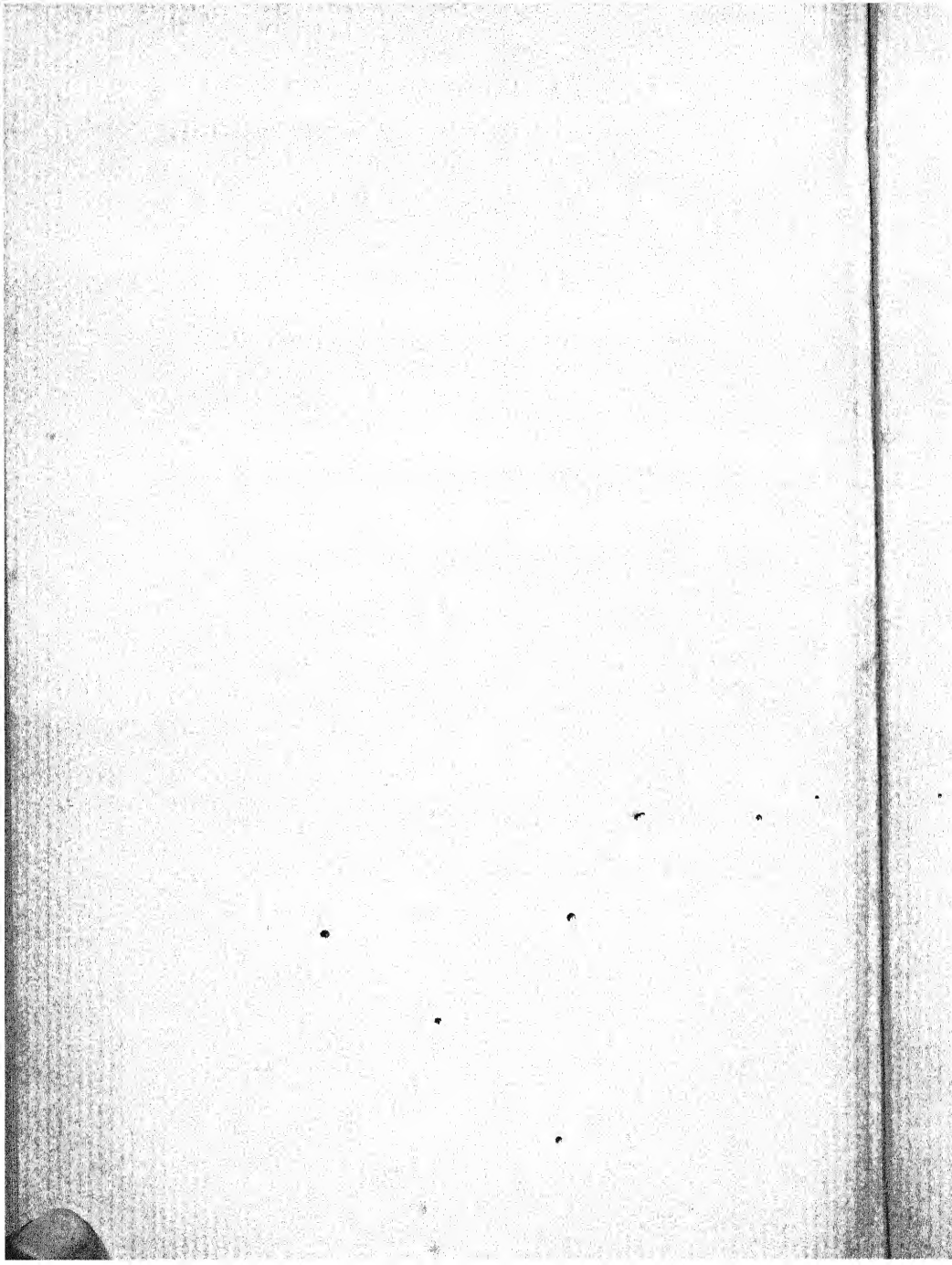
One way to develop a right attitude is to live in spiritual companionship with men who themselves have displayed it, even under the most difficult of circumstances. Another way of doing so is to take long views of life, considering, as Emerson recommended, what the centuries say as against the days and the hours, looking at the world, so to say, through the eyes of God.

The Seventy-third Psalm begins with a ringing declaration of faith: "Behold, God is good to Israel, even to such as are pure in heart." But, as you read on, you soon discover that the man who wrote this psalm did not easily arrive at that faith. He confesses that, as for him, "his feet were well nigh gone" when he saw the prosperity of the wicked, how their eyes stood out with fatness and they had more than heart could wish. The sight of them lording it over other people made him sick at heart and cynical until, one day, he went into the sanctuary of God and got a true perspective. Today, you see some man in business making money in devious, hard-boiled ways, which no sensitive conscience could possibly approve. You see some man in professional life forging ahead, gaining recognition—and how? By truckling to public opinion, by carefully avoiding the saying or doing of anything that might give offense to wealth and power, by a meretricious display of brilliant but superficial talents. You see some woman taken up by soci-

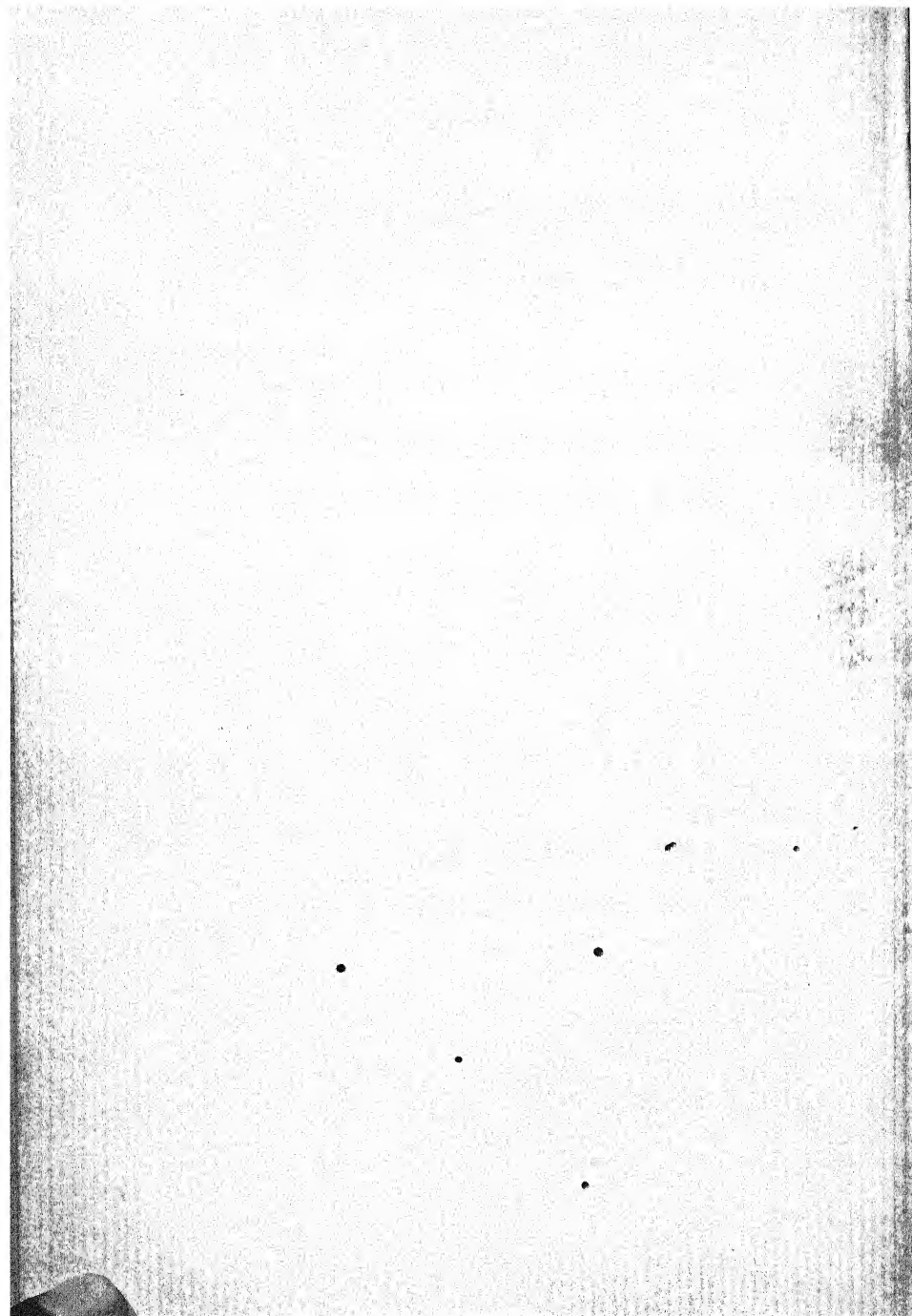
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ety and accepted as a social leader—some woman whom you know to be selfish, superficial, and thoroughly reactionary. And perhaps, like the author of the Seventy-third Psalm, you become sick at heart and cynical until, one day, you too go into the sanctuary of God and get a true perspective. In other generations did not human beings fight one another for gold? And what did it profit them, that gold to obtain which they sacrificed honor, friendship, everything that might have made life good and sweet under the sun? In other generations did not human beings compromise in order to secure power? And when they got it, did they not presently discover that they were not free to use it in any satisfying way?

You see that when you look through the eyes of God. And you also see this: men who live not for self but for some beloved community, who give all they have and are to gallant undertakings for the common good, knowing full well that in this world truth and love gain no easy victories, that their immediate response may be a cross, but daring to believe that in the end truth will triumph and that as for love the gates of hell cannot prevail against it—you see that to them belongs the future, and you begin to suspect that, even while they live, they experience a joy and a peace which neither selfish nor timid persons ever know. Let a man view life, as it were, through the eyes of God, and he will not find it impossible to develop and maintain, through all the years, a right attitude.



MOUNTAINS *and* MOLEHILLS



VII

I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains.

—Psa. 121:1

Last summer I had an experience which made vivid to me the physical setting of the One Hundred Twenty-first Psalm. I was riding through the Bad Lands of South Dakota in the direction of Rapid City which is the gateway to the Black Hills. The Bad Lands are not altogether bad. They were formed millions of years ago of soil which washed down from the hills—soil which innumerable winds and rains and frosts have cut into a multitude of fascinating shapes, some of which are as fantastic as a dinosaur and others as glorious as a medieval cathedral. The Bad Lands, moreover, are a cemetery of prehistoric life: the mighty thunder beast and the saber-toothed tiger, bacculites and ammonites, and the remote ancestors of the crocodile, the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus, the camel, the deer and the horse. It would, therefore, be a gratuitous insult to say that they are altogether bad. But they are undeniably dry and relatively barren, clothed mostly with buffalo grass or sagebrush with only here and there a dwarfish tree making a brave attempt to exist. And in the summer they are every degree of the word hot; they are hot, hotter, hottest, so that passing through them in July or August your body begins to sag and your mind to wilt. But going westward toward Rapid City you presently catch glimpses of the Black Hills, those high and rugged hills which

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seen from the plains through a superheated atmosphere, actually appear to be black. And then what a change comes over your spirit! You lift up your eyes unto the hills and begin to feel refreshed. Your body renews its strength, your mind regains its resiliency.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills." So said or probably sang those ancient Jewish pilgrims as, traveling through hot and arid regions on their way to some national festival, they finally came within sight of the mountains round about Jerusalem. They lifted up their tired eyes unto the hills and began to feel refreshed. They lifted up their minds above the hills to the God who made heaven and earth and their drooping spirits revived. Hot but hopeful they chanted their religious faith:

The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
Jehovah will keep thee from all evil;
He will keep thy soul.
Jehovah will keep thy going out
and thy coming in
From this time forth and forever more.

If you lift up your eyes unto the hills, you will find God and hope and help. But if you fix your eyes upon molehills, you are destined to miss the grandest sights and insights this world affords; and the sun shall smite you by day and the moon by night, and the Lord will not keep your going out and your coming in, but every time you go out you will have your feelings hurt and every time you come in you will be very sorry for yourself.

In one of Dorothy Parker's *Laments for the Living* a young man and a young woman are having an exceedingly unpleasant evening. Every remark he makes she misinterprets. Everything he offers to do for her she icily refuses with an, "Oh, thank you, but I wouldn't think of letting you go to all that trouble for anything." He pleads with her not to be that way and she says that she is not

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being any way. He insists that she has been acting queerly all evening and her reply is, "I am very sorry that you are not having a good time. For goodness' sake, don't think you must stay here and be bored." He declares he isn't being bored, he doesn't want to go anywhere else, he wants to be only with her. But what is the matter? What has he done to offend her? Won't she please tell him what is the matter? She replies that she hasn't the faintest idea what he is talking about, that there is nothing on earth the matter. Presently, however, it develops that there was something the matter: last night at a party he talked too long to another girl from whom he had made several ineffectual efforts to get away; to whom as a matter of fact he was making a laborious attempt to be polite. A lovers' quarrel, therefore, over a molehill!

Do such quarrels ever occur in actual life? Rather ask, In whose actual life do they not sometimes occur? Quarrels over the writing of a letter, because it was written or because it wasn't written; quarrels over the children's hair, how it shall be cut, whether long or short; quarrels over the decoration of a room, the selection of draperies, the hanging of a picture, the setting or serving of a table, the spending of money for this or for that. Quarrels, also, over the spending of an evening, whether it shall be spent at home or away from home. Quarrels over the meaning of what has been said or has been left unsaid. Quarrels over acts which were unoffending, remarks which were innocent, silences which meant nothing at all; and quarrels such as no man can number over the driving of an automobile! Persons who are supposed to be grown up, fully clothed and in their right minds, allow themselves to quarrel over trifles, making mountains out of molehills.

And here is a man who is deeply grieved or even, it may be, in a boiling rage. Why so hot, little man? Because somebody has addressed him as Mister whereas he is entitled to be addressed as Dean or Doctor; or because some

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one has failed to recall his name, some one who ought to know perfectly well who he is and what he is; or because some one has failed to praise something he has done which is deserving of praise; or because he has not been asked to do something which he should have been asked to do; or because he has been misled by another member of the family into appearing in a business suit at some social function where a more formal attire appears to have been expected. He has fixed his eyes upon a molehill and can see nothing beyond it or above it.

This habit of fixing one's eyes upon molehills until they look as big as mountains is surely one of the most devastating habits which human beings form. In cases innumerable it is the chief cause of domestic friction. Two people who are really very fond of each other and who could thoroughly enjoy each other's society elect instead to be very miserable by making much ado about nothing. They allow themselves to quarrel over peccadillos, matters of no moment or of such small moment that it would be far better for one or the other to give in. It is, perhaps, of some consequence whether a given evening should be spent at home or away from home; but surely it is not of such consequence as to justify a family row which results in its being spent miserably either at home or away from home. And although, no doubt, it is a matter of some moment whether an automobile should be driven in this way or in that, it is seldom a matter of such moment as to justify a series of explosions which leave two people feeling badly hurt and terribly upset. It is probably true that more domestic unhappiness is caused by quarrels over molehills than by all other causes put together.

The habit of letting one's mind dwell upon trivialities is bound, also, to produce a molehill view of life. Any man who allows himself to get all worked up over petty annoyances is destined to become a petty personality. Of some people we feel bound to say that they are exceedingly

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small. They never face any proposition in a really big way. They begin at once to offer piddling objections to whatever is proposed. They insist upon long drawn-out discussions over matters of no consequence. They have no vision, no courage, no faith that is able to move mountains. And never do they forget themselves. Nothing is right unless they have initiated it or at least been consulted about it. Nothing has any right to succeed unless they have a hand in it. They must be the drum major of every brass band that comes down the street or they refuse to march. And over something or other they are always peeved, hurt, sullen, sour.

How do they "get that way"? One dislikes to believe that anybody is born that way. That would appear to be too serious a reflection upon the character of God. But if human pettiness is not attributable to human nature it must be attributable either to human conditioning or to human choosing. Much of it, no doubt, is attributable to a limiting environment. We speak not unadvisedly of "the small-town mind," the type of mind that is apt to be produced by living in a community with narrow horizons and restricted interests, where everything is done in a small way, and conversation is mostly gossip, and the playing of pool is a deadly sin, and the repainting of a pole before a barber shop is the occasion of more comment than the signing of the Pact of Paris. But the fact remains that the small-town mind is not confined to people who live or have lived in small towns. It is not infrequently found in persons who have lived in cities all the days of their life; so that human pettiness may not be solely attributed to a limiting environment. Must not some of it be attributed to the habit of letting the mind dwell upon molehills until it develops a molehill view of life? Some people are not born petty, nor do they have pettiness thrust upon them; they become petty by fixing their attention upon petty concerns.

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Even the habit of allowing oneself to worry and fret over trifles is bound to produce a deplorably restricted outlook on life. You work yourself up into a frame of mind whence you cannot see anything except molehills. The trouble with many of us is not that we are full of anxiety but that our anxiety is always over something small, never over anything great. On one occasion John Knox cried out to God, "Give me Scotland or let me die." He was full of anxiety for the future of his country and his anxiety was greatly to his credit; it was a revelation of his greatness of soul. In August of the year 1864 Abraham Lincoln gave up all hope of his own reelection. One day he came to his Cabinet with a sheet of paper that had been folded and asked every member to sign it; which everyone did without knowing its contents. When, however, Lincoln was re-elected they learned that what they had all agreed to was this: "It now seems altogether probable that this administration will not be reelected. In that case it will become my duty so to coöperate with the president-elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration as he will have secured his election on such grounds that he cannot possibly save it afterwards." In an hour when he himself expected to be defeated, full of concern for the future of America, Abraham Lincoln pledged his Cabinet to do all that they could to help his successor within the next four months to win the war and save the Union. In such anxiety there is nothing petty; rather is there something magnificent. A man may allow himself to become profoundly concerned about great things and in so doing achieve greatness of soul. But persons who allow themselves to become dreadfully anxious over small things are bound themselves to become small. Their whole outlook on life will become as petty as the objects of their concern.

When a man feels inclined to quarrel, or to become irritated, or to worry over trifles, he needs to lift up his eyes unto the hills. Anyone who is accustomed to spending his

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vacations in the mountains comes away with a grateful conviction that the mountains have done something for him, and so they have. They have, for one thing, made him physically fit. His muscles have hardened, his waist line has shrunk, his eyes have cleared as, day after day, he has heard and heeded the call of the mountains. They have also given him a new interest in life. To follow a zigzag trail through piny forests where bough and cone distill unforgettable fragrance and where, here and there, one catches a glimpse of towering, challenging peaks; to reach presently the timber line where gorgeously colored asters make sport of snowdrifts; to arrive panting but determined at the base of the final summit; and then, after prodigious exertion, to gain the airy, ultimate height whence, as a conqueror, one may look down upon all that lies beneath—this is to renew one's love for life. But not even this is all or the best that mountains may do for a man. More than physical fitness, better than pleasurable or even exciting emotions, the mountains may give to a man a new perspective, a greater clarity of vision, a perception of the exceeding importance of certain things which hitherto have escaped his attention and of the relative unimportance of certain things which have engaged and absorbed it.

It is surely worth while for a man to lift up his eyes unto the hills. Looking at the hills you are not so likely to quarrel over molehills, or to become irritated by them, or to worry about them. The high hills seem to say, Hold steady; there is nothing really to get excited about. They calmly ask, Why make such a fuss over something that doesn't matter very much one way or the other? They strongly advise, Keep your eyes fixed upon the high places, the things that do matter tremendously. The hills have power to rest you, to quiet and to soothe you, to rebuke your vanity and heal your hurt, to clear your vision and uplift your spirit.

A man ought, therefore, every day of his life to lift up

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his eyes unto the hills, and this he may do; for the hills are formed not only of earth and quartz and granite, but of ideas and ideals. Whatever our geographical location may be, we may, every morning, lift up our eyes unto the hills. And if we do, the sun shall not smite us by day nor the moon by night, but the Lord will keep us from all evil, he will guard our going out and our coming in from this time forth and forever more.

If that sounds extravagant, far-fetched, or sentimental, please stop a moment and consider. Wherever we may be living, and under whatever conditions, there are not many among us who could not, if only we would, find at least a few moments every day to be alone and quiet. If we are never alone and never quiet it is not because we cannot be; it is only because we have never fully appreciated the fact that we desperately need to be. Our days, to be sure, are crowded, but we have at our disposal a certain amount of time which we may spend either in this way or in that. And time which, whenever we lose our tempers and fly off the handle, we are bound to spend in fixing things up; or time which, whenever we lose our poise, we are bound to spend in doing things over, is time which we could far better afford to spend in ways which would enable us to control our temper and keep our poise.

If only we fully appreciated the fact that we desperately need to do so, we *could* find a time and a place to be alone and quiet; and then, for a few uninterrupted minutes, we could lift up our eyes unto the hills. We could reflect upon the lives of the wisest and noblest of our kind. We could consider the problems which they faced and how they faced them. In the light of what they decided and dared to do we could more clearly view our own situation. We could discover what in our situation greatly matters and what we can afford to overlook. Then, with the help of the hills, but above the hills, we could see God, the God who is revealed in noble human lives, in men who, gal-

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lantly responding to some great vision or some great need, are able to transcend self; as John Knox did when he cried, "Give me Scotland or let me die," and Abraham Lincoln did when he pledged his Cabinet to help his successor to achieve a triumph which he himself had desperately wanted to achieve. In those few minutes of every day when we might be alone and quiet we could lift up our eyes to the hills and receive help from God; and then, with no time lost but rather gained by the resulting increase of poise and power, we could fare forth to meet the demands of a crowded day with clear eyes, steady nerves, and a stout heart.

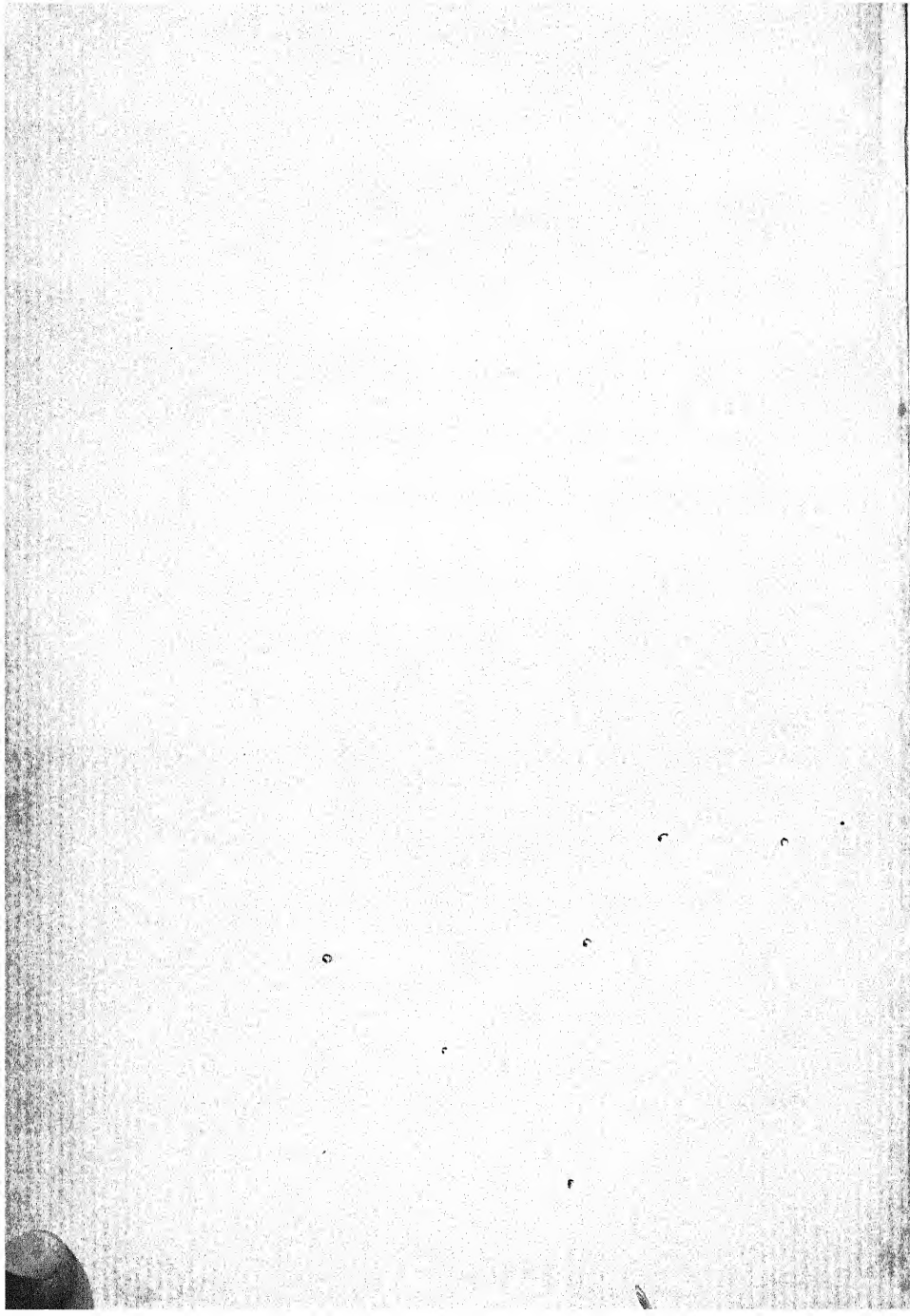
The longer I live the more convinced I become that this lifting up of the eyes unto the hills and to the God who made heaven and earth is the very heart of prayer. May not prayer also be petition, a crying out for some definite kind of help? Of course it may. As a matter of fact, you can no more keep human beings from crying out in time of stress for what they need, or think they need, than you can keep a flower from turning to the sun, unless you crush the flower. But I, for my part, am convinced that the very heart of prayer is this, that a man should enter into an inner chamber and close the door and then, alone and quiet, should lift up his eyes unto the hills and so commune with God. I should want, however, to emphasize the thought that so-called communion with God must be nothing vague or morally meaningless. It must be a conscious lifting up of the mind to what one considers to be highest and best in this world, followed by an honest and earnest attempt to come into union with that. It must be at once contemplation and consecration. Having lifted up your mind to the highest and best that you know, you must then strive to adjust to that all your thinking and desiring and doing.

That it seems to me is the heart of prayer, and that I am coming more and more to believe is absolutely essential

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to any healthful and happy human life. Many persons who are sick in mind and in body might quickly become well again if only they would make a real attempt to come into union with the highest and best they know; for their illness is not due to any germ infection or any organic collapse, it is due solely to the fact that they have failed properly to adjust themselves to some difficult situation. Many persons, also, who are wretchedly unhappy might gain, if not happiness, a peace which is greater than happiness if only they would strive to come into union with the highest and best they know; for their present unhappiness is due to the fact that there is no unity in their lives but rather a continual battle between their ideals and their desires. Persons who have become petty by letting their mind dwell upon petty concerns, and persons who have grown bitter and sour because they have allowed themselves to worry over matters of small moment, might become far more admirable and loveable if only they would form the habit of lifting up their eyes unto the hills and their wills unto the God whom the high hills reveal.

The ACHIEVEMENT of POISE



VIII

*My help cometh from the Lord,
Who made heaven and earth.*

—*Psalm 121:2*

Poise? Some people have it. Others lack it. Many of us would give a good deal to possess it. And we all know what it is—until we try to define it. Then, as when we are asked to state what religion is, or beauty, we begin by saying, "Why . . ." and end by saying, "You know!" To our surprise and embarrassment.

We never find it easy to define any great spiritual achievement. All our spiritual values "break through language and escape" exact definition. Which, no doubt, is one reason why religion sometimes seems to be unreal. Ask us what a roof is, or a radish, and we can easily tell you. Ask us what religion is and we find it difficult to say. Yet if religion is undefinable, it is not because it is less real than a roof or a radish, it is because it is enormously more significant; it is not because it means so little, but because it means so much—far too much to be packed into the narrow form of a definition. And poise? Attempting to define it, we seem to be in no small danger of losing it! But however great may be the danger of defining it, greater still is the danger of leaving it undefined, a vague something which some people have, others lack, and we ourselves would give a good deal to possess if only we knew what it was and how to get it. I suggest, therefore, that we

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attempt to make a bit more clear to ourselves what we mean by poise.

You have noticed, perhaps, the hands of Madame Schumann-Heink as she sings, and the face of Fritz Kreisler as he stands before a great audience waiting breathlessly to hear him play, and the face of Amelia Earhart Putnam as she stands before a camera that is mercilessly to record not only what she says but how she looks. What amazing muscular control! That, I take it, is one thing we all mean by poise. Another thing we appear to mean by it is *self-control*. The possessor of poise does not lose his temper. He does not fly off the handle. He does not rage, storm, stamp, bellow. He does not sulk or pout or whine or scold. He does not think of himself more highly than he ought to think, but his thought of himself is sufficiently high to keep him from acting like a spoiled child. He does not know all mysteries or all knowledge but he has sense enough not to try to argue with an insane person or a drunken man or a cad or a fool. Under whatever circumstances he does not forget that he at least may be a gentleman.

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;

If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

or if, to recall a greater than Kipling, you "know no jealousy, make no parade, give (yourself) no airs, are never rude, never selfish, never irritated, but always patient, always kind," you are the possessor of poise.

By poise we all mean self-control, and some of us mean, also, mental balance. It is doubtful whether any one of us possesses a completely balanced mind. A clever satirist has

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published a book under the intriguing title *Who's Hooey*. I do not yet know who is in it, but I do not find it impossible to believe that not a few persons whose names appear in *Who's Who* might properly be included in *Who's Hooey*. We all see some things more clearly than we see other things of equal importance, which means that we seldom if ever see the whole truth about anything of major importance. Most of us, at one time or another, fall into some "either-or" fallacy, insisting that it is peaches *or* cream when, as a matter of fact, it is peaches *and* cream. Many of us appear able to see but one issue at a time and not even that issue clearly, inasmuch as we see it out of focus, unrelated to other issues by which it is accompanied and profoundly affected; and our friends, hearing us harp on this one issue from dewy morn to dewy eve, not unreasonably conclude that we have become "hipped" on the subject. Is there any one of us who sees life steadily and sees it whole? But there are a few people whose minds appear to be at least relatively well balanced. They do not leap to conclusions before acquainting themselves with facts. They think before they speak. When, therefore, they do speak they inspire confidence, for they speak as one having authority, the authority which inheres in accurate knowledge and clear thinking. Their minds, moreover, appear to be both spacious and charitable. They are able to see not one only but many things with astonishing clearness; yet they are patient with people who do not, perhaps cannot, see what they see, and their patience suggests not patronage or pity but a just recognition of human limitations, including their own. Such persons are "well poised."

And there is one other thing poise means to most of us. It means coolness in the presence of danger, calmness in the face of any situation. It means what Epictetus revealed when he wrote concerning himself, "Epictetus, a slave, maimed in body, but favored of the immortals"; what Socrates revealed when, threatened with death, he said,

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"Anytus and Melitus may indeed kill me, but hurt me they cannot"; and what Jesus revealed when, standing in the awful shadow of a cross, he said to his disciples, "In the world ye have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." Once and again we see some man facing a truly desperate situation with a courage which nothing, apparently, can daunt. How he manages to do it we cannot make out, but he does manage to remain calm under circumstances which, we cannot but fear, would fill us with dismay.

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools,

you are the possessor of poise.

Muscular control, self-control, mental balance, fortitude—these appear to be some of the meanings of poise. And how very wonderful the effect of this great spiritual achievement! In the possessor of poise we find calmness, composure, tranquillity, serenity; and as we look at him we ourselves become a bit more calm. He does not need to say a word or turn a hand in order to help us. He needs only to allow us to remain a while in his presence and breathe the atmosphere his personality creates. Having spent an afternoon with Horace Bushnell, who was then at the point of death, Joseph Twitchell wrote in his diary, "As I left the house I felt a lively sense of things eternal and a desire to live in them." And who could not name at least one person who has helped him to understand how those disciples of Jesus felt when he said to them, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."

Desirable at all times, poise is especially needed in difficult days. Possessing it, one could be master of his own situation—and what a source of encouragement to his hard-beset fellows! I once hoped that, if not greatness, at least

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poise would one day be thrust upon me. I supposed that it was a gift of the gods which the years would inevitably bring. But I have discovered that a man may grow older without becoming more self-possessed, that even, at forty he may, on occasion, be found "acting up" like a very little child. I now know that poise is born, not of the flesh as it grows older, but of the spirit as it becomes disciplined. I marvel at the ease with which Fritz Kreisler is able to play the most difficult of concertos; then I reflect upon the terrible toil that lies back of that ease. I marvel at the composure of a man like Gandhi, a composure that neither imprisonment nor the prospect of death itself appears able to shake; then I reflect upon the Spartan discipline which makes possible that composure—the daily practice of temperance in eating, in speaking, in everything; and that daily practice of the presence of God from which come clear vision and fearlessness.

Discipline has not been a popular word with our generation. We have shrunk from discipline as we shrink from pain. But now that we are witnessing the tragic aftermath of an undisciplined jazz age, we are beginning to suspect that discipline is, after all, the *sine qua non* of any great human achievement. Beethoven, we are told, "spent infinite labor on sixteen bars of melody." The price that John Ruskin paid for his ability to write English prose which has seldom been equaled and never surpassed is revealed in those manuscripts of his which have been preserved—manuscripts which are lined and interlined, reviewed and revised to such an extent that it is almost impossible to decipher them. To an admiring person who asked him to tell her how she might learn to draw free-hand circles as perfect as his, Holman Hunt is said to have replied, "All that you need to do, madame, is to practice eight hours a day for forty years." So also in the realm of moral and spiritual achievement. People who have poise have practiced self-control, they have painfully acquired mental

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balance, they have trained themselves to be calm under any circumstances.

But although poise calls for discipline, it may come through certain forms of discipline which no one ought to find excessively hard. It may come through the daily contemplation of beauty. That beauty has some strange power to soothe a troubled spirit no one, I take it, will deny. Recently I received a letter from a man who here in Chicago, last July, on his birthday (of all days!) lost his job. He is now in the mountainous section of Pennsylvania attempting to sell insurance to isolated country school teachers, and he writes that he has almost completely recovered from the terrific blow he received when he was suddenly notified that he could no longer occupy a position he had held for years and which he had reason to suppose would be permanent. The daily sight of those glorious mountains with their dark background of evergreen pines, lighted up here and there by yellow oak, red maple and flaming sumac, has healed his wound and restored his poise. Why is it that beauty has this undeniable power to soothe a troubled spirit? One reason, I suppose, is just the fact that beauty neither irritates nor frightens us, but gives to us, at least for an instant, a sense of quietude, an absolute peace. But there is, I believe, another reason that probes deeper. Looking at beauty we have nothing to suggest, we have only to enjoy. Beauty is "something which is as it ought to be"—a suggestion, therefore, of what our own lives might be. Looking at beauty we can hardly deny that there is something in this world which actually is as it ought to be, nor can we easily escape the conviction that, this being true, something more nearly perfect in our own lives is possible; so that a daily contemplation of beauty cannot but have some hallowed effect upon our spirit, affording us a glimpse of an actual perfection and encouraging us to believe that we ourselves may achieve some comparable glory.

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And poise may come through the acquisition of perspective. One of those unforgettable essays that came from the gifted pen of John Brierly introduces us to a small boy who, having broken his toy engine, is entirely miserable. He still has great possessions—a good constitution, good health, a good home, intelligent and devoted parents. He is, moreover, a fortunate citizen of a free country, a foremost race, a boundless universe. But, for the moment, all he can clearly see is that broken engine; and “J. B.” insists that what he needs is “not another toy but a larger reference.” Poise comes through the practice of seeing things in perspective, and perspective may be acquired in many ways. I, for one, strongly suspect that there is a traceable connection between Einstein’s pacifism and his astronomy. Aware, as he is, of the vastness of the universe and of the awful mystery and wonder of life, and knowing as he does that there is no definite evidence of life anywhere except here on the earth, he cannot but recognize the dreadful folly of war, the terrible insanity that causes men to risk the extinction of that glorious torch which, they have reason to believe, flames on this planet alone. If you would acquire a perspective that is conducive to poise, lift up your eyes to the stars.

Learn, also, to “hear what the centuries say, not merely the days and the hours.” In the tomb of the Medici in Florence are the greatest sculptures in the world. On each of two sides of the room, two glorious human figures, one of a man and one of a woman, lift the eyes upward to the figure of a warrior seated within a niche. These warrior figures, representative of the Medici family, have been idealized out of all recognition of the obscure and petty dukes whose likenesses they were supposed to be; and it is said that when Michelangelo was asked to explain why he had not made portrait studies, his reply was, “A thousand years from now, nay, a hundred years from now, nobody will know or care who they were.” I cannot but

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think that one reason for Michelangelo's own immortality is the fact that he thought in terms of a thousand years. By so doing he acquired a perspective that must have contributed somewhat to that marvelous composure which appears in all his works.

In this world many things happen that are hard, very hard, to accept. Caiaphas is allowed to enjoy his dinner while Jesus dies on a cross. Eugene Debs we send to jail for telling us that war is suicide, a judgment which, today, we are compelled to endorse. Warren Gamaliel Harding we send to the White House for promising to lead us back to normalcy, an attitude of mind and state of affairs from which we have inevitably sunk into our present situation. Clever chicanery appears to succeed where utter integrity appears to fail. It is hard to accept. And it is likely to upset us, dreadfully; it is even apt to destroy our faith in the ultimate decency of things unless, like Michelangelo, we form the habit of looking at life and the world through long vistas of time. Then we see that although the mills of the gods grind slowly they grind exceedingly small. In the end, clever chicanery is dust and utter integrity is glory. Caiaphas, being clever, capable, and none too scrupulous, nearly always has today; but never does he have tomorrow. The future belongs to Jesus.

Poise likewise comes through dedication to something that is greater than self. On October 13, 1858, there appeared in the Boston *Daily Transcript* a letter from a correspondent, living in Galesburg, Illinois, who had just listened to one of the Lincoln-Douglas debates. "Mr. Lincoln," this letter said, "is a tall, lank man, awkward and, apparently, diffident, but when he spoke he was no longer awkward or ungainly; he was graceful, bold and commanding. For about forty minutes he spoke with a power we have seldom heard equaled. There was a grandeur in his thoughts, a comprehensiveness in his arguments, and

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a binding force in his conclusions which were perfectly irresistible. The vast throng was silent as death; every eye was fixed upon the speaker, and all gave him serious attention." Lincoln had forgotten himself in devotion to something that was greater than self! It would, I think, be proper to suppose that few men known to history have felt so keenly the need of poise as did this raw-boned son of ignorant Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks. Few men, certainly, have ever made a more apparent or determined effort to acquire poise than did Abraham Lincoln. And acquire it he did in a marvelous measure. On one of the walls of the house in which I am privileged to live hang side by side two pictures, one a photograph of Michelangelo's *Moses*, the other a photograph by Brady of Abraham Lincoln. Almost every day I go into that room and look at those photographs, and I find that they both produce upon me the same effect—a tranquillizing effect comparable to that which is produced by a great mountain peak or by a glorious sunset. And when I ask myself, How did Abraham Lincoln, an awkward backwoodsman, develop such poise as appears in his Gettysburg address, in his Second Inaugural, and in his conduct both in triumph and in defeat? I remember, of course, that he read and memorized great portions of the Bible and of Shakespeare, and that he assiduously cultivated a saving sense of humor; but I cannot but think that still more explanatory was the fact of his increasing dedication to something greater than self. He found a cause in devotion to which he was able to transcend, not only his natural awkwardness, but his personal ambitions and heartaches.

In one of those pithy, epigrammatic sayings which are destined, it may be, to be remembered after some other things which he has brilliantly written have been forgotten, Dean Inge remarks: "He who will live for himself shall have small troubles, but they will seem to him great. He

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who will live for others shall have great troubles, but they will seem to him small."

Concerning Abraham Lincoln there is, however, another fact which in this connection ought seriously to be regarded. Among his favorite quotations were those familiar lines of Shakespeare:

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

He closed his House-Divided-Against-Itself speech with these deliberately chosen words: "Wise counsels may accelerate it or mistakes delay it, but sooner or later the victory is sure to come." He had few illusions about human nature. He was not unmindful of the enormity of the human task. But he derived from his *religious faith* an unshakable assurance of ultimate triumph.

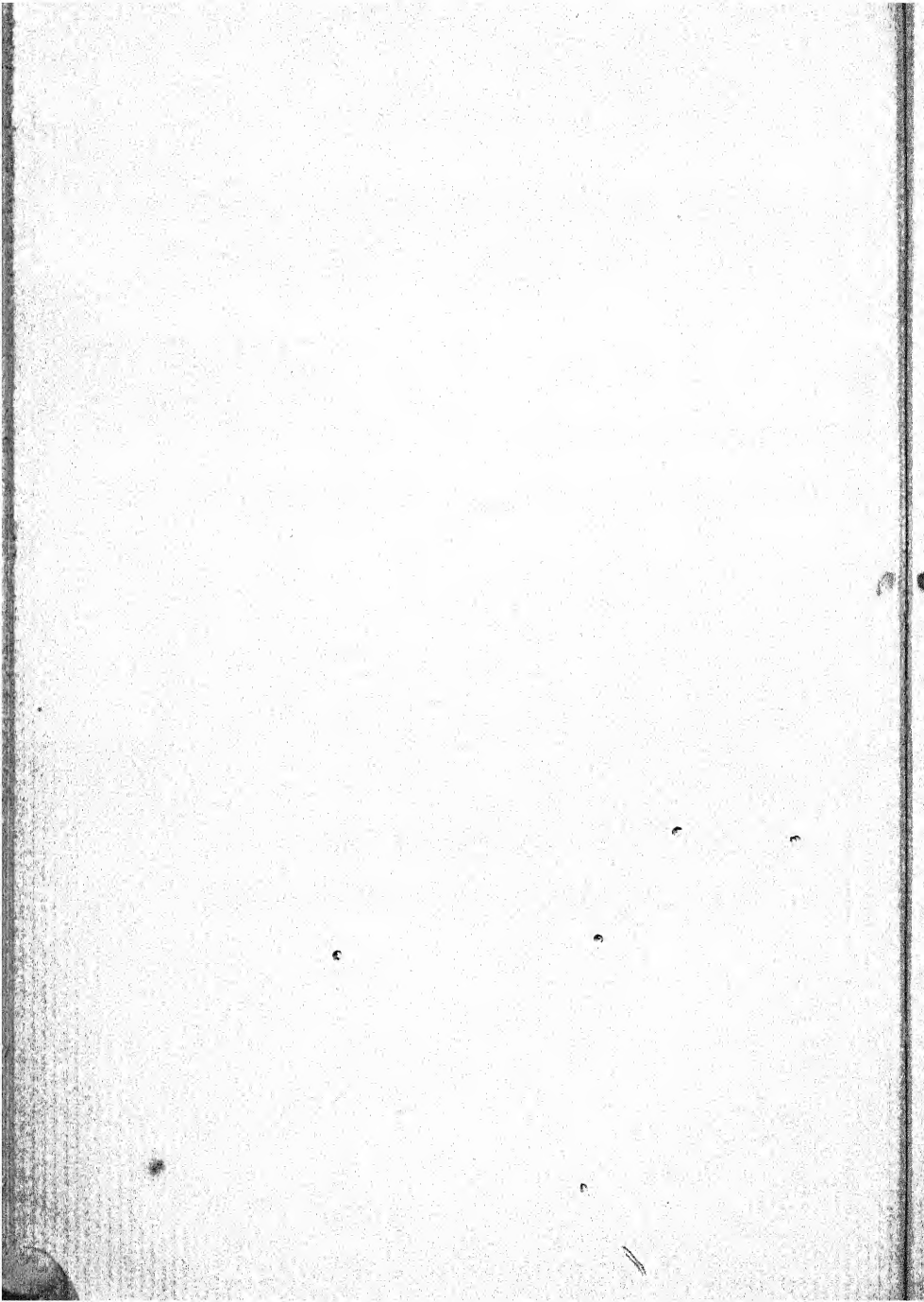
I sometimes wonder whether any of us do or can fully realize how vast a part religion has played in the keeping of courage and hope alive in this world. The oft-quoted assertion that "hope springs eternal in the human breast" is, of course, but a daring inference from the historic fact that hitherto hope has managed to remain alive during all the ups and downs of human experience. And surely it is worthy of note that hitherto human hope has been supported by human faith in a more than human power. Hitherto, when human beings found themselves in a truly desperate situation they were able to hope, not so much because they believed in themselves, as because they believed in Almighty God. And now, I think, growing numbers of us are beginning to sense the awful danger that attends a cynical destruction of religious faith. We are beginning to suspect that the death of faith means, in a crisis, the death of hope and the paralysis of mankind. Recently, in New York City, the governor of the Bank of England asked a question which many people today are anxiously asking: "Is there any man in the world who is now able to give us

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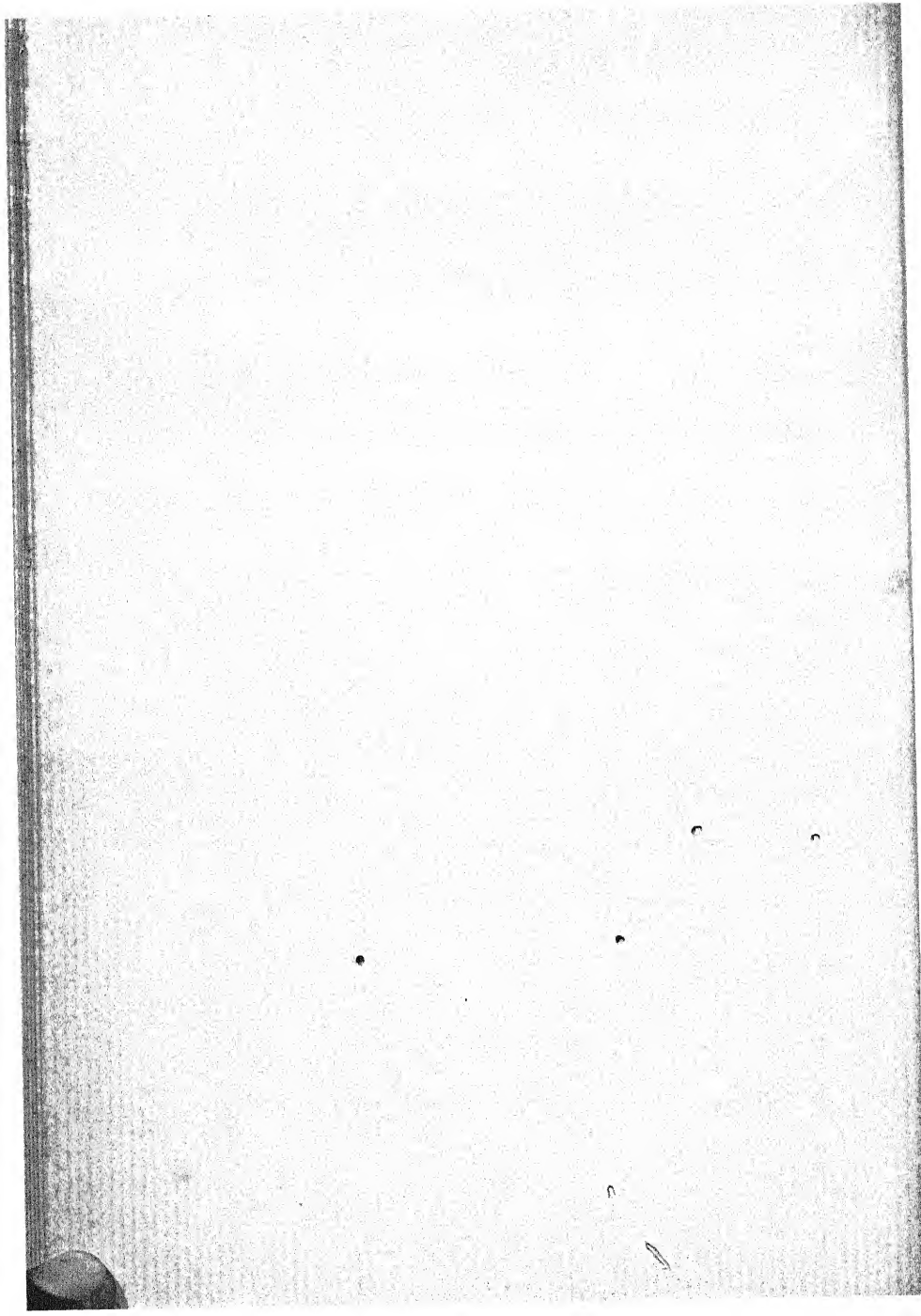
the leadership that we need?" That was his question. There was no answer. We have come to an hour when it is sober truth to say that we desperately need to believe in God. The world at this moment bears slight resemblance to that glorious vision of the kingdom of God that is cherished by the Christian idealist; but it is, after all, the Christian idealist who, supported by that vision, is now able to maintain some degree of poise. As clearly as any one, he sees that what we are facing is a world-wide economic collapse; but he is able to believe that, with the help of God, men of intelligence and good-will may now build a less selfish, more cooperative society which will as certainly make for prosperity and peace as our present competitive society makes for poverty, unemployment, and war.

I have spoken of the need of discipline, the daily practice of self-control. I have spoken of the need of contemplating beauty, of acquiring perspective, of dedicating oneself to something that is greater than self. But I am not unmindful of the fact that even men who have given their best to some great cause have known many a dark and desperate hour when, almost certainly, their courage would have failed them had it not been for their faith in God. My last word, therefore, shall be the word of another who spoke for millions of others when he wrote:

- I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.
- From whence cometh my help?
- My help cometh from the Lord,
- Who made heaven and earth.



FATHERS *and* SONS



IX

Two hundred fifty years ago an English dramatist made one of his characters, a cautious aunt, say to another character, an adventurous niece, "O the fatal liberty of this masquerading generation." To which the niece replied, "If you don't care for it, leave it to those of us who do." Was there ever an older generation that did not entertain grave doubts as to the safety and sanity of the younger generation, or a younger generation that entertained any doubt as to the arbitrariness of the older generation? Has not Mrs. Caution always exclaimed about the fatal freedom of the contemporaneous flapper, and has not the contemporaneous flapper always retorted, at least under her breath, "If you don't like it, leave it to those of us who do"?

It is difficult for age to see through the eyes of youth, and next to impossible for youth to look through the eyes of age. Age is cautious, youth is adventurous. Age is eager to conserve, youth is eager to experiment. Age wants to dig in, youth wants to go on. There are, to be sure, exceptions; we are speaking of the rule. Age is reluctant to grant to youth any more of freedom than it has itself enjoyed, knowing how very difficult it has been to manage even that much successfully; but once and again the freedom of the fathers has looked like bondage to the sons. It may be true that in the father-son relationship there is always an irreducible minimum of tension.

It may also be true that not since the days of the French Revolution has there been so much of tension in the rela-

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tions of an older and a younger generation as there is today. For a number of reasons. One of them which particularly applies to the United States is the enormous increase in the number of young people who are being at least exposed to what is vaguely called an education. For, undeniably, not only in colleges but in high schools and even in elementary schools, thousands upon thousands of American youth are being exposed to ideas which are more or less in conflict with the ideas which occupy the minds of their parents. Another reason is the oft-mentioned and perfectly obvious fact that today, to an almost unprecedented extent, the authority of the fathers is being questioned by the sons. It was once enough for parents to lay down the law; but any modern parent who proceeds to lay down the law had better be prepared to give a reason for it and a mighty convincing one at that. Today, when age says, "Do," youth wants to know why; and when age says, "Don't," youth demands to know why not.

Nor is it any longer enough for an older generation to appeal to Authority, for many Authorities cited by the fathers no longer impress the sons who have begun to suspect that a good deal of what has been considered true and right in this world has not turned out to be so. The question asked by a former generation concerning such mechanical contrivances as the McCormick reaper, namely, How does it work? is now being asked by a new generation concerning everything under the sun, including religious creeds and moral codes. Which is, no doubt, another reason for the growing tenseness in the relationship of fathers and sons. For youth has discovered, or at least thinks it has, that judged by its own pragmatic test certain things once prohibited may safely be allowed and certain things once allowed ought now to be prohibited. At some points where the fathers held back the sons see no reason why they themselves should not go on; and at some points where the fathers went on with an untroubled conscience

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the sons are beginning to believe that they themselves ought to hold back. Sex, for example, which was taken by the fathers with such prodigious seriousness is, by the sons, being accepted as a matter-of-fact affair; whereas war and poverty, accepted by the fathers as matters of course, are getting on the consciences of the sons.

In Russia today the conflict between youth and age is said to be nothing less than tragic. One of the most competent of all observers of the Russian situation, Mr. Maurice Hindus, does not hesitate to say that the so-called revolt of youth in Europe and America is child's play compared to the defiance of age by Russia's revolutionary youth. He quotes one girl, a student in the University of Moscow, who in reply to his question, What is the key to the spiritual life of Russia's revolutionary youth? replied, "Always remember that to us the world is just beginning." And he thinks that this cool assumption that the world is just beginning is characteristic of that young Russia to whom the past (before Lenin) means nothing, offers no inspiration and no guidance. It is doubtless true that nowhere is the conflict between youth and age quite so desperate as it is in Russia, but the fact remains that even in Europe and in America it is serious enough.

Recently I spoke at a convocation of the University of Minnesota. Just before I entered the great hall where the exercises were to take place I was handed a copy of the *Minnesota Daily*, subtitled The World's Largest College Newspaper, and in it I found an editorial devoted to the subject on which I, alas! had been advertised to speak, an editorial which said: "That there is a definite lack of interest in religious matters on the campus cannot be denied. There are several religious groups established here but they affect only a comparatively small proportion of the students. There are various causes of this indifference to religion. The university may be a minor factor in the attitude, but its influence is confined to accelerating the de-

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velopment of views which are bound to appear sooner or later. The real reason for the great decline in religion among college students is that they often feel it is no longer of use." Shades of the fathers—even those sophisticated fathers who as undergraduates doubted the infallibility of the Bible, the historicity of Jonah, the virgin birth and even (perhaps) the divinity of Christ, but who did not often or ever feel that religion itself, even in its more liberal forms, was of no earthly use!

There are parents today who themselves are not noticeably religious, who seldom if ever go to church, but who are not a little shocked and disturbed by the attitude taken by their children toward any and all forms of religion. Even greater, of course, are the bewilderment and pain of parents to whom religion has meant everything but to whose children it appears to mean next to nothing. They can, in some cases, understand why their sons and daughters are not attracted by a particular church, but understand they cannot why religion itself makes to them no apparent appeal.

Considerable also is the strain occasioned by the divergent ethical and social views of the two present generations. When it comes to ethics the attitude of modern youth, the sophisticated portion of it at any rate, is frankly experimental. Moral codes, youth reasons, are the creations not of God, but of man. They are not, therefore, sacred, inviolate. They are just as properly objects of study, of revaluation and revision as is anything else man has made. Any adult who says otherwise is either ignorant, hypocritical, or deplorably timid; and on that assumption there is almost no field of personal conduct in which our young sophisticates are not willing and even eager to do a little experimenting. But to a generation who grew up in the belief that moral codes are sacrosanct, this experimental attitude of the younger generation appears to be dangerous and deplorable.

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No less dangerous and deplorable appear to many fathers some of the social views of their sons. A few years ago I received from the parents of one of our students a letter which I could well believe was written in tears, telling me how proud they had always been of their son, what high hopes they had long cherished for his career, and how dismayed they now were by the discovery that he had become a pacifist! Did I think that he and they were permanently disgraced? Was there not some way in which he could be made to see how dangerous and foolish his present position was?

Age believes that the past has at least a few things to say which the present could afford to hear and cannot afford to ignore. Even when it remains humble and open-minded, age believes that experience is a great teacher at whose feet youth has yet to sit. Age knows that some of the experiments which youth today is making in the belief that they are altogether new and very daring have, as a matter of fact, been made before—with disastrous results. Today, age is disturbed by youth's lack of consideration, the nonchalant way in which it takes up *all* the sidewalk; by its lack also of appreciation, its habit of bemoaning its deprivations and taking for granted its opportunities, even those which its elders have purchased at considerable cost to themselves; and by its serio-comic cocksureness, its unabashed confidence in its own ability to diagnose correctly every situation and to find a solution for every problem. Age, which (except in the relatively few cases where it becomes bitter and sour) is genuinely fond of youth, is afraid lest youth in its headlong pursuit of novelty will fail to conserve even the worthful heritage of the past and, all too confident of its own ability to create a new heaven and a new earth, will eventually come to grief.

And youth? Youth believes that the last word has not been said concerning anything under the sun, and that many things which have been said need today to be un-

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said because they are not true and righteous altogether. In the light of a world war and world-wide unemployment, youth today, the thoughtful portion of it, is beginning to question the eternal validity of many long-established beliefs and practices. Beholding the blunders of the past and the inefficiencies of the present, youth refuses to be overawed by the reputed wisdom of age, or even of the ages. It insists upon its own right to try out new beliefs and new practices. Youth is troubled about age, its tendency to get into a rut, its apparent lack of vision, imagination, courage, and its irritating assumption that being grown up it must inevitably be wise. Youth, which (except in the relatively few cases where it is terribly selfish and conceited) is genuinely fond of age, is afraid lest age in its eagerness to conserve what is good will fail to see what is bad and, too content with things as they are, will stand in the way of things which ought to be.

How then may the present strain between an older and a younger generation be relieved? I have suggested that in the father-son relationship there may be an irreducible minimum of tension; but surely there is no inevitable conflict. How often today something like this happens: A man dreams a dream in which he himself somewhat heroically figures. Before he dies he is going to do some great thing in this world. But he is thwarted by circumstances, unable to finish his schooling, compelled to take the first job that comes along whether he is fitted to it or not. In middle life he discovers that he is a crippled bird trying to fly with one wing. He knows now that he will never be able to fly to the height of his dream. But his son must have a chance to realize *his* dream! So the father slaves and saves. He resorts to all sorts of pitiful, splendid economies. He thinks twice before he spends even so much as a dollar on himself. He asks himself whether he ought to buy a new suit of clothes and decides to make the old one do. His coat is shabby and there is a hole in the crease of his hat, but what

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do such little things as these matter if only his son may be given a chance! How often, also, something like this happens: A boy who has been given a chance dreams a dream in which he makes some return to his father and mother for the opportunity which at great cost to themselves they have secured for him. In all his hopes and plans for his own future there is thought also for their future; and he is determined that in so far as he is able to bring it about they shall have a blessed old age. And this being a fact—this mutual solicitude which, to be sure, does not exist in all cases but does exist in many cases—there is surely no inevitable conflict between an older and a younger generation. Where conflict occurs is it not largely due to the lack of shared beliefs and interests?

Recently there was published a book bearing the intriguing title *Robbing Youth of Its Religion*. The author of it says that the first institution which robbed him of his religion was a Christian home. In college he sat under a professor of philosophy who was accustomed every year at the beginning of his course to say to his students, "It is my business to make you swim and if you can't swim, damn it, you ought to drown." Along with many of his fellow students the author did drown in that course; but he thinks he would have been able to swim if only in his own home he had not been taught to believe religious dogmas which turned out to be unbelievable and to suppose that such dogmas were indispensable to religion.

The *Minnesota Daily* editorial from which I have already quoted contains also such assertions as these: "Religion is no longer of use as a support for morality. We have finally matured to a stage where we realize that the value of the good is implicit and not externally imposed. We realize the desirability of moral conduct apart from threats of punishment or promises of reward. If morality were still dependent upon religious beliefs it would necessarily disappear, for religion bases its support of morality on

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belief in the supernatural, a belief which is rapidly becoming extinct." Now, that is enough to make an intelligent angel do one of three things—laugh, weep, or swear! Religion associated with a good externally imposed! Religion associated with extraneous punishments and rewards! Religion associated with a conception of the supernatural which not only on modern campuses but in modern churches is rapidly becoming extinct! No wonder that so associated religion is declared to be passé. And where do the writers and sympathetic readers of such editorials get the idea that religion has inevitably such associations? In many if not most cases they get it first in their own homes where they are taught to identify religion with beliefs which, after a while, they discover to be untenable.

One does, or at least should, appreciate the difficulty under which many parents today are laboring. They themselves have been indoctrinated with untenable religious beliefs and have had very little if any opportunity to acquire more tenable beliefs. But one feels constrained to plead with them not to identify religion with beliefs which their children discover are impossible, but rather to cultivate beliefs which they may share with their children and then, along with their children, make the discovery that such beliefs have religious implications. The rationality of the universe, for instance—our sons for the most part believe in that. On the assumption that the universe is rational has been built the science whose word to them is law and gospel. And who can fail to see that once you have assumed the rationality of the universe you have thrown wide open the door to religious faith in God?

There are likewise certain moral beliefs which our two living generations may hold in common. The belief, for instance, that it is right and good to be kind. At forty years of age or at twenty years of age, at fifty or at fifteen, who today would dare or care to question that? Captains of industry and beardless philosophers whose economic

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theories are tintured with red, mellowed matrons and sophisticated flappers whose frankly avowed views on sex would have caused their mid-Victorian grandmothers to run for cover—all are agreed that when it comes to morals, whatever else may be in doubt, there is and can be no doubt of the rightness and goodness of being kind. Here then is another belief which fathers and sons and mothers and daughters may share; and how fascinating and rewarding it would be for them to work out together the concrete applications of that belief in every field of human relations.

Note also the possibility of keeping together two generations by the bond of a common interest. It is good for fathers to play with their sons. When, however, it comes to play the number of sharable interests is somewhat limited, as every father knows who is not as straight up and down as he used to be! Such sport as fishing may be fascinating to father but boresome to son. Such games as tennis may be fascinating to both but deadly so to father. Fathers and sons may not always play together, but there is one thing which to the very end they may do together, even though they are working in different fields, and that is to live and labor for a better world.

Opinions differ as to the national value of what some people are beginning to call the LaFollette Dynasty: Robert LaFollette, Senior, one time member of the United States Senate; Robert LaFollette, Junior, later a member of the United States Senate; Philip LaFollette, Governor of the State of Wisconsin, 1932. But, political opinions apart, who can fail to see the fascination of such an association of father and sons in what (let us be generous enough to assume) they themselves have regarded as an honest, earnest attempt to serve their country? Have you ever known any man sincerely and intelligently devoted to a great cause whose sons did not respect and honor him? In his case was there any conflict between an older and a younger

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generation? Was there not rather on the part of the sons an inspiring conviction that their father, far from being behind them, was in some important respects ahead of them? When reactionary fathers hold back, progressive sons may feel compelled to go on—a tragedy for both. But when fathers themselves become and remain progressive, looking and living ahead of their time, only the rarest and most regrettable of sons will refuse to follow in their steps.

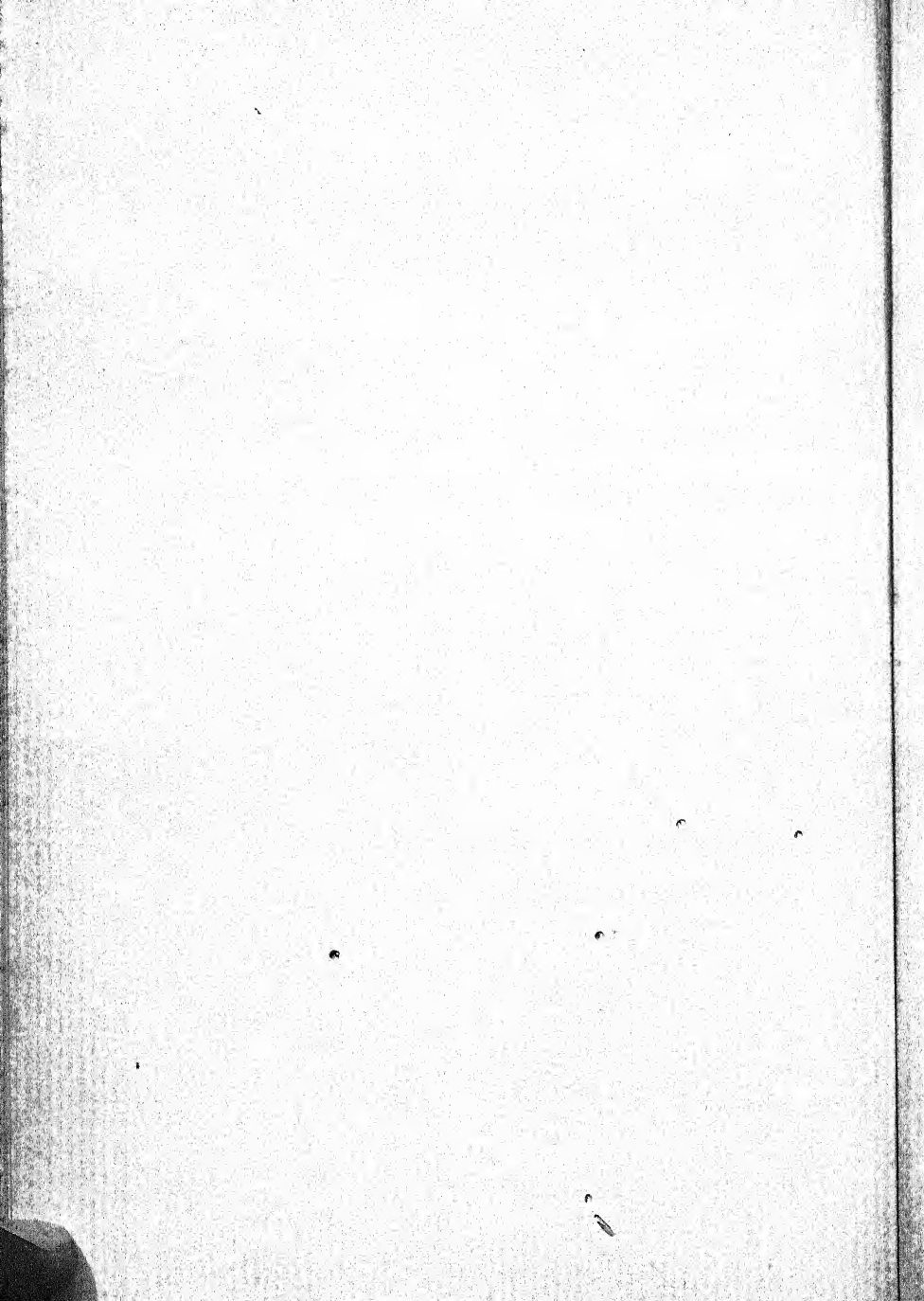
Here, I believe, is the greatest of all opportunities for the development of a permanent comradeship between fathers and sons. Working together for the same great end they are not likely to drift apart. In fundamental conviction, in primary interest, they are one; and although, when it comes to specific measures, they may not always see eye to eye, it is not as though the fathers were looking and living in one direction and the sons in another.

And here I also believe is the only way in which any living generation may keep sympathetic step with generations past. Some one has remarked that already, no doubt, there are Daughters of the Spanish Revolution! Assuming that there are, one wonders whether their descendants, one hundred years from now, will maintain a revolutionary or even mildly liberal attitude of mind. The only way in which the sons and daughters of revolutions may keep spiritual company with their sires is to be as intolerant of the tyrannies and injustices of today as were their sires of the tyrannies and injustices of yesterday. Continuity with a great and heroic past does not require that the sons shall believe exactly as the fathers believed or that they shall do exactly as the fathers did. What it does require is that in their time the sons shall be as nobly devoted to great causes as were the fathers to the great causes of their time. For those of us who claim as our spiritual father John Wesley the question is, not what Wesley said and did in the eighteenth century, but what a man like John Wesley would probably say and do in the twentieth century. For

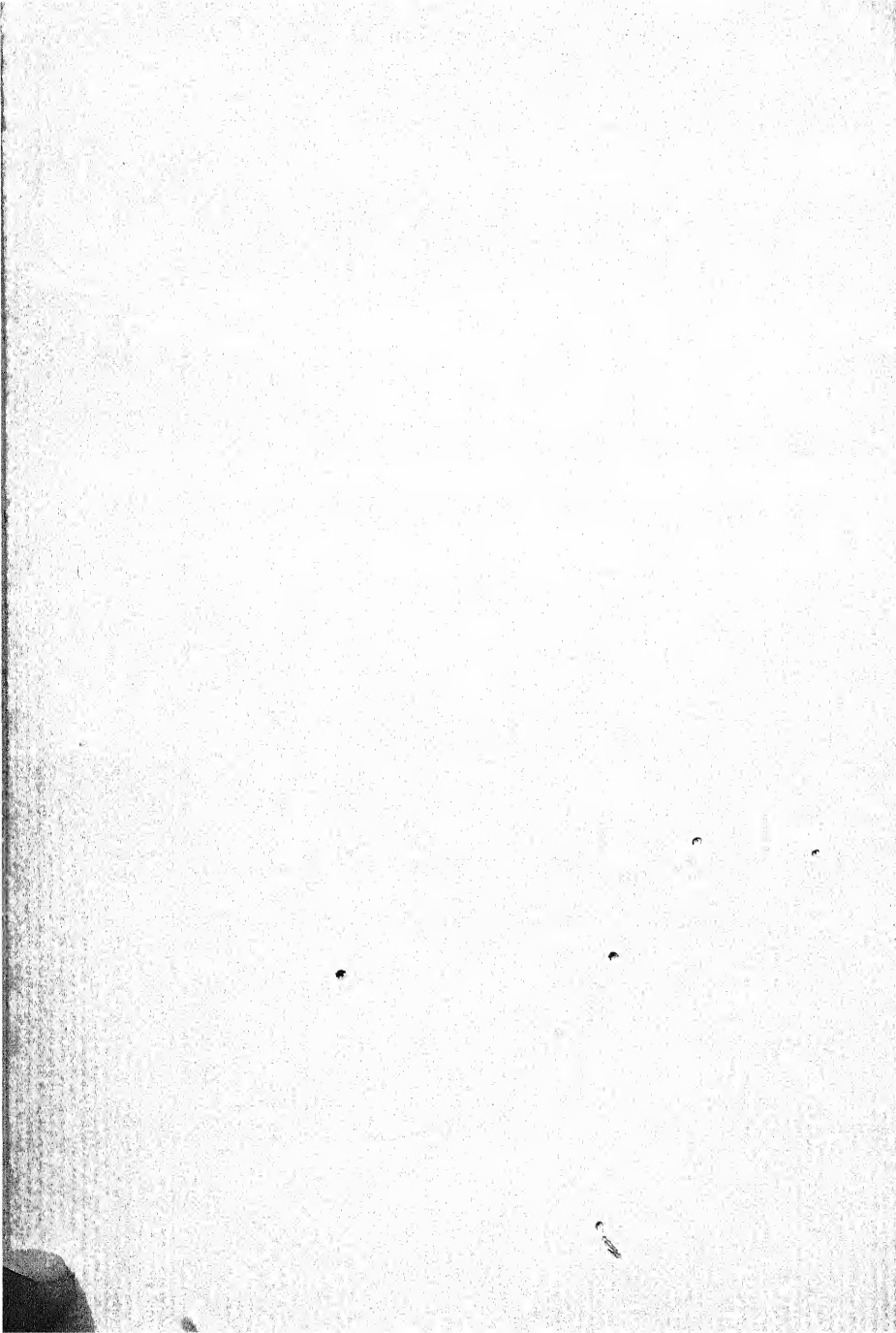
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those of us who claim as our political father George Washington the question is, not what Washington said about foreign relations in the year 1796, but what a man with his vision would probably say about foreign relations in the year 1933. The only way in which we of this generation may keep spiritual company with the great and heroic souls of other generations is to strive in our time to make as much of a contribution to human progress as they made in their time.

Fathers and sons—here is a relationship which may be either an exquisite tragedy or an exquisite triumph. For fathers to fall out with their sons is tragedy. For fathers to remain the inspiring and inspired comrades of their sons is triumph. And the road to that triumph is paved with shared beliefs and interests—beliefs which are in line with the truest and best that has yet been discovered; interests which are in line with the advancing welfare of mankind.



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X

And this word, Yet once again, signifieth the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that are made, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain.

—Heb. 12:27

I shall try to preach an old sermon, a very old sermon. It was preached long before any one of us, even the oldest, was born—probably soon after the destruction of Jerusalem which occurred in the year 70 A.D. Concerning the preacher himself we have no information, excepting only that which we may gain by reading between the lines of his sermon. We know that he had a great mind and a brave heart. We know that he was capable of rising at times to wonderful heights of eloquence and that nothing, apparently, was able to daunt him. More than that we do not know. We do not even know his name. He is as anonymous, and always will be, as the unknown soldier. But dead and nameless though he is, and has been for more than eighteen hundred years, he still speaks—a fact to contemplate.

There *is* something in this world which endures. In his illuminating discussion of poetry, Alfred Noyes calls attention to the fact that although ancient Greece has long since vanished, the song of Homer still lives; although imperial Rome has crumbled into dust, there are passages of Virgil that move us like a living voice; although medieval potentates have long since been forgotten, the song of Dante

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is heard today; and although from the Elizabethan period but little remains in the recollection of mankind, still speaks that supreme voice which once said concerning a king, "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." Amid the downfall of kingdoms and the dissolution of empires, amid the vanished pomps of yesterday something endures. What is it? Insight, vision, the dreams of prophetic spirits!

Say never more

That dreams are fragile things. What else endures

Of all this broken world save only dreams?

Save only faith and hope and love and the dreams to which they give birth. Save only God who dreams in men and who sees to it that His valiant dreamers do not die; no, though century follows century in which their dreams are unheeded by the selfish potentates and unilluminated masses of mankind.

The preacher whose sermon I shall endeavor though inadequately to preach is the great unknown who gave us the so-called "Epistle to the Hebrews" which appears today within the covers of a book called the Bible and within the portion of that book which is called the New Testament. But indications are not wanting that originally this "epistle" was a sermon actually preached to a living congregation. For example, in the second chapter you come upon the words, "For the world to come of which I am *speaking*." And in the eleventh chapter, that astonishingly eloquent chapter which calls the roll of the heroes of faith and which some one has aptly named the Westminster Abbey of the Bible, you find the preacher, out of breath, exclaiming, "And what more shall I *say*?" What we have here appears to have been originally a sermon, hot from the heart of a great preacher who, having spoken to his own age with insight and courage, has still something to say to us.

Here is a man who was alive when Jerusalem was de-

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stroyed at the hands of a Roman army which razed its historic buildings, leaving hardly one stone upon another, and caused its ancient streets almost literally to run with blood. The destruction of Jerusalem was not only the destruction of a city, it was the death knell of a nation. Imagine London or Paris or Washington in ashes, and the political entities for which they stand forever erased from the face of the earth! The destruction of Jerusalem meant the political extinction of a small but greatly gifted people that had had a national existence for a thousand years and whose patriots had dreamed of a day when their nation would become the cultural and religious center of the world. But what does he do, this first century preacher who was probably a Christianized Jew? In the face of such a catastrophe does he give way to despair? Not he. He recalls what happened in the long ago when the Ten Commandments were first spoken at Sinai, how there were thunders and lightning and a thick cloud enveloped the mountain, and how the whole mountain was violently shaken. He recalls also an ancient prophecy which reads: "For this is what the Lord of Hosts declares: Very soon I will shake the sky, the earth, the sea, and the dry land, and shake all nations till the treasures of all nations are brought hither and my house is filled with splendor."

Then this preacher to a world in the throes of a terrific upheaval proceeds to give his own philosophy of history: There is a world which is visible, the world that men make; and a world also which is invisible, the world that God intends. The visible world which men make is meant to be a copy of that invisible world which God intends; but what an imperfect copy it always is, as all its finest spirits know. *They* always are discontented with the world which is and look longingly for a better world, "a city with fixed foundations whose builder and maker is God." But *they* always are a minority. The majority of mankind are not discontented. They are only too well content with a world

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which they allow to go from bad to worse until one day there is a great catastrophe. We are now (suggests our first century preacher) in the midst of one such upheaval, and the end is not yet. We are destined to witness a still greater catastrophe, compared to which this present upheaval is as the shaking of a mountain compared to the shaking of a universe. And why do such upheavals occur? Why does God allow them and even cause them to occur? In order that men's eyes may be opened to the awful contrast between the world which they have made and the world which God intends; in order that presently they may see and desire a world that cannot be shaken because it has been formed in accordance with the will of God.

Here is a philosophy of history which is still deserving of serious consideration. In the light of it look at certain upheavals that have occurred in more recent times. Consider the shake-up which occurred in the sixteenth century when an indomitable monk, protesting against the intolerable abuses of a corrupt ecclesiasticism, stood in the midst of dukes and margraves, bishops and archbishops and bravely affirmed, "Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise, God help me." European civilization rocked on its foundations. Millions of people were made to feel horribly insecure and, as a matter of fact, for several generations multitudes were insecure in respect of their property, their liberty, and even their lives. But had not that sixteenth century upheaval been allowed to occur, where today would be any high religion all aflame with ethical insight and social passion, and where today would be any "forward-looking portion of mankind"?

Likewise consider the upheaval which occurred in the eighteenth century, in France especially but in France not only. A Parisian mob battered down the walls of an ancient prison and shook a continent with their watchwords: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. They beheaded a king and a queen—a queen who, when she was informed

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that thousands of her subjects were hungry and crying for bread, is reported to have shrugged her royal shoulders and asked, "Why do they not eat cake?" They cut off her head, and the heads also of many others who were associated with the old régime. They became intoxicated with the wine of an unaccustomed liberty, they went wild with an unfamiliar power. Yet in the following century a Thomas Carlyle, who deplored its excesses, nevertheless boldly declared that had it not been for the French revolution he would not have known what to think of God.

In years to come some future Thomas Carlyle may make a similar observation concerning the Russian revolution. The excesses of the Russian revolution no future historian is likely to condone. Like the excesses of the French revolution, they will stand forever as awful exhibitions of what human nature will do when it is driven by desperation to extremes. But if that old Russia with its intolerable despotism, both political and ecclesiastical; with its selfish aristocracy and its ignorant, unwashed, exploited peasantry; with its rigid censorship and brutal punishments, its cold-blooded and repeated miscarriages of justice—if that old Russia had been allowed to remain unshaken very much longer, how difficult it would be today to know what to think of God!

Today the whole civilized world is in the midst of a terrific upheaval. Even nature appears to be disturbed. Intense, if not unprecedented, heat; prolonged and consecutive droughts; plagues of grasshoppers; fire and flood and tempest and earthquake—all have recently occurred in a world whose human inhabitants are facing what is probably the most serious economic disturbance of which history knows. And in explanation of it all our first century preacher would probably say something like this: The world, to be sure, is being shaken; it needs to be shaken. A world in which, yesterday, millions of men were compelled to sacrifice their lives in vain and in which, today,

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other millions are denied employment, needs to be shaken and will continue to be shaken until men begin to see and desire a world that cannot be shaken.

Let us play the ancient game of Suppose, not as children play it merely for fun, but as the prophets of our race have played it in dead earnest. Let us suppose that out of all the tumult and suffering of this present time there will presently come such results as these: the total abolition of all national armies and navies; the creation in their stead of what would suffice, an international police force for the protection of life and property on land and sea; the development, also, of such agencies of peace as the World Court and the League of Nations; and at least the beginnings of a new society, a less competitive, more coöperative society whose recognized leaders are men who see that the old era of selfish profit-seeking has come to its inevitable end in a world-wide catastrophe, and that from now on the brains of mankind must be used for the good of mankind in great coöperative adventures in which the individual will have abundant opportunity for self-initiative and self-development, but less and less opportunity for self-enrichment at the expense of his kind. Let us venture to suppose that out of the troubles we are now experiencing will presently come such results as these. In that event, will not this present upheaval stand justified in the eyes of history?

It is always easier to be an historian than it is to be a prophet, easier to record an event than to foresee it and in bloody sweat to achieve it. When all is said, the task of the historian is not, probably, as rewarding as is the task of the prophet; but easier, undoubtedly, it is. The historian has only to see, the prophet is obliged, with many a misgiving, to foresee. The historian has only to record what the prophet is compelled in bloody sweat to create. So most of us would rather be historians than prophets. How easy one hundred years hence to look back upon the sufferings of this present time, to read with amazement of a military

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system that precipitated a war in which twenty-three million people lost their lives, and of an economic system which left as many millions without employment, obliged to subsist on public doles or private charity; and then to read of movements which destroyed that military system and revised that economic system. How easy and delightful one hundred years hence to be an historian of the period through which we are now passing.

But it happens that you and I are living now, right in the midst of that strife and pain which may haunt the memory of some future generation but as an evil dream of the night. Historians of our own era we cannot be; but consider what we can be. We can be passive spectators looking on, doing nothing. We can be passive victims, even with our sufferings accomplishing nothing. We can be blind reactionaries, refusing to believe that an old order is bound to die, making frantic, ineffectual efforts to patch it up and keep it alive, doing all we can to prevent the birth of a new order. But we need not be any one of these types. We can be prophets who, living in a selfish, competitive society that is being shaken, see the possibility of a less selfish, more coöperative society which cannot be shaken, and who are determined before we die to make at least some contribution toward its appearing.

There are in this world two human successions. One is composed of persons who live only for self, or for such extensions of self as "me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more." Such persons live by consent to the actual. They look out upon the world which is and accept it. They have no concern to improve it. They do not admit that it needs any serious improving. Their sole concern is to improve their own position in it. They live in hopes, not of a better world, but of a more advantageous personal position in a world which seems to them to be good enough. Any suggestion that the world itself needs to be improved they look upon with suspicion. Any

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serious attempt to change the present system they roundly condemn and fiercely oppose. Such persons are to be found in our generation. They have been found in every generation. They constitute a kind of unapostolic, unprophetic succession. And they form today, as yesterday, the great majority of mankind.

But there is, also, another human succession composed of persons who live, not for self, but for something which Josiah Royce was wont to call the "Beloved Community," and which a greater than Royce still better called the "Kingdom of God." Such persons do not accept a world cursed by greed, embittered by injustice, and haunted by fear. They live not by consent to the actual but by faith in the ideal. Through long delay and bitter opposition and apparent defeat they keep the faith that what ought to be can be made to be. Such persons are to be found in our generation. They have been found in every generation. They constitute "the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs." And they form today, as yesterday, but a small minority of mankind; yet the future belongs to them. It has always belonged to them. By their contemporaries called heretics and even traitors, by those who come after them they are hailed as prophets and pioneers.

Now, it was of this prophetic succession that our first century preacher urged his congregation to become a part. He calls the roll of the heroes of faith and then says in effect, "We too must live by faith, looking and laboring for a society that cannot be shaken." Well, here we are, you and I, confronted with a similar situation, a world in the throes of a terrific upheaval, and we may, if we choose, be found in the succession of those who live only for self. We may choose to think only of ourselves and try only to save ourselves. We may choose to believe that there is nothing inherently wrong with our present society, that what has befallen it is nothing more serious than an upset

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stomach from which it will presently recover and "return to normalcy." We may choose to believe that business will before long pick up and "go on as usual," and that then we shall be able—at least some of us shall—to move into more commodious apartments and buy expensive motor cars and renew our membership in expensive clubs and give elaborate parties and serve prohibited cocktails and make exciting whoopee—until the next depression comes!

But in that event, out of all the suffering of this present time will have come—what? A brave and beautiful coöperative society that cannot be shaken? No; out of all the strife and pain of today will have come only a patched-up competitive society in which group is pitted against group, class against class, nation against nation—a society, therefore, which can be shaken and will be shaken before many years have passed. And, as history clearly says, there is a limit to the number of upheavals which any given civilization is able to survive. Egypt and Assyria, Babylon and Macedonia are no more. And Imperial Rome?

Where the domed and daring palace
Shot its spires
Up like fires;
Where a tower in ancient time
Sprang sublime:
And a burning ring all round
The chariots traced
As they raced;
Where the multitude of men
Breathed joy and woe,
Long ago,
Now the country does not even
Boast a tree,
As you see.

What happened? One too many upheavals! One last fatal shake-up from which a sick civilization was unable to recover!

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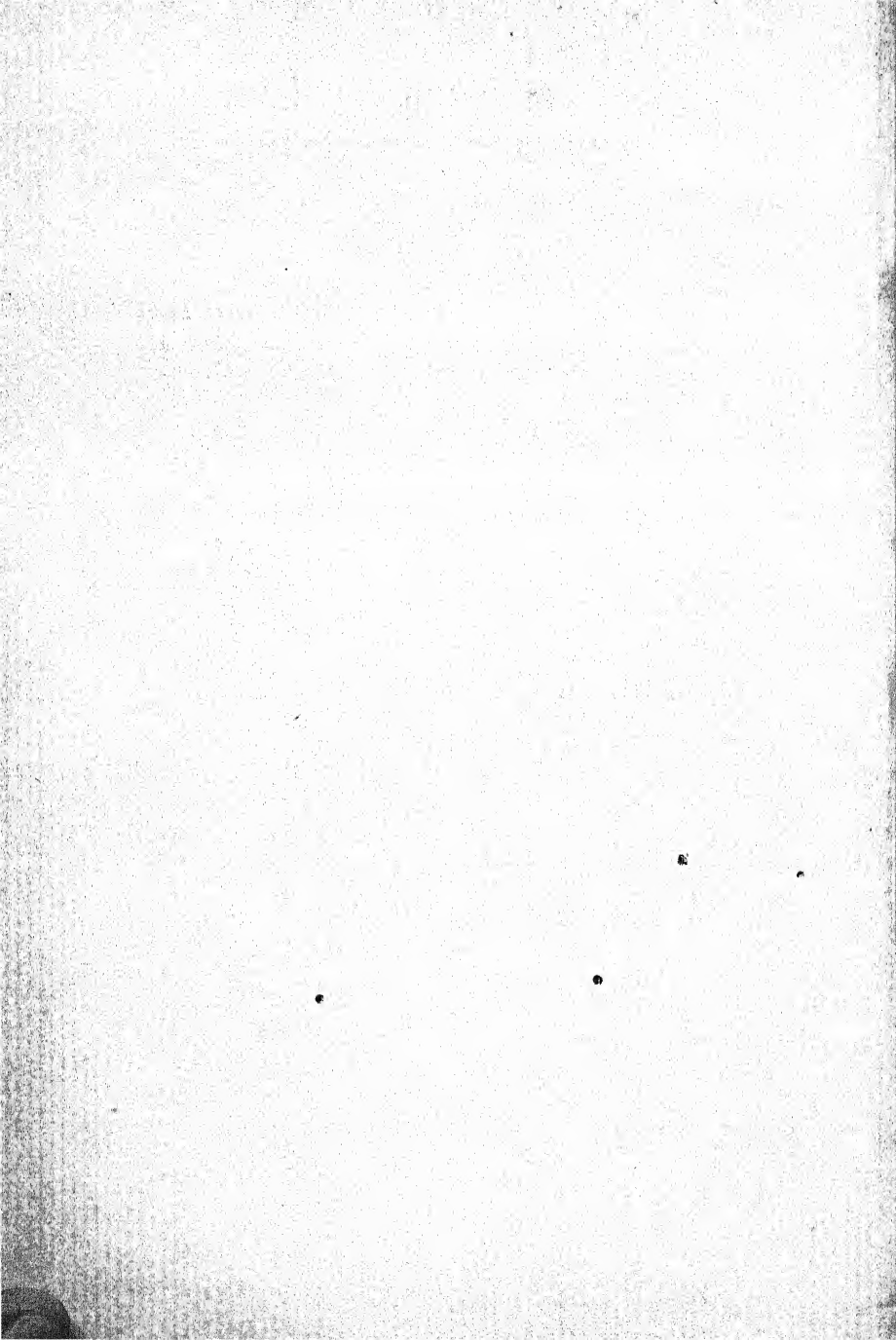
There can be no doubt where we ought to be. We ought to be in the succession of those who have lived not for self but for some dear city of God. The time has passed when we could safely consent to the actual. A time has come when the only safe thing, let alone the only right and heroic thing, for us to do is to live by faith in the ideal, to believe in the possibility of a society so just and friendly that it cannot be shaken, and do all that lies within our power to hasten its appearing.

"Our eyes fixed upon Jesus as the pioneer and the perfection of such faith." Not long ago a Japanese student remarked, "The strange thing about Jesus is that you can never get away from him." That does seem to be the case in respect of Jesus. You can call him an inspired man or a mad man, a genius or a fool. You can accept him or reject him, befriend him or betray him, follow him or crucify him. The one thing you cannot do is get away from him. When he died he was buried in a tomb which had been hewn out of solid rock and which was officially sealed and guarded. But, as a first century Christian remarked, "it was not possible for him to be holden"—a remark which nineteen succeeding centuries have repeatedly endorsed. During those nineteen hundred years, once and again Jesus has been buried. He has been buried in churches, in rituals, in creeds. He has been buried in a civilization miscalled Christian. But it was not possible for him to be holden. In the sixteenth century, an angel, standing at the door of St. Peter's in Rome, might have said: "Behold where they laid him, embalmed him, and forgot him. But he is not here. He is risen and goeth before you into the Great Reformation." And in our own twentieth century might not the same angel, hovering over the battle-fields of Europe or the bread lines of America, be supposed to say: "Behold where they crucified him and tried to forget him. But he is not here. He is risen and goeth before

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you into that new civilization to which his faith and his spirit are giving birth."

The strange thing about Jesus is that, although he is always being crucified, never does he die. Why does he live, and why cannot mankind ever get away from him? May not the answer be this: The universe is behind him. God is with him. The future belongs to him. His triumph may be delayed but nothing finally can prevent it. Therefore, "up with your listless hands," all ye who believe in him; "strengthen your weak knees," all ye who are prepared to follow him. He himself once said, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." And to all the little flocks of our time, those minority groups in every land that are looking and laboring for a society which cannot be shaken, does not his spirit say, "Have no fear; your hopes are not groundless, your labor is not in vain"?



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